The Outlook

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A WAR COUNCIL WITH OUR ALLIES

The importance of American effort in the world war, in the opinion of France and Great Britain, is measured by the personal distinction of the special commissioners chosen to represent our allies in the momentous conference at Washington. From Great Britain comes as special envoy Arthur James Balfour, ex-Prime Minister, Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Lloyd George's Cabinet, statesman and philosopher; from France comes also a former Premier, M. Viviani, and with him General Joffre, whose wisdom and strength saved France from the crushing defeat so confidently planned by Germany in 1914. The other members of the foreign missions are worthy of their leaders, and together the missions represent the collective military, political, and financial knowledge of their countries. Our Government and people will pay every possible honor to these visitors, will recognize in them advisers who can aid America to act efficiently not merely in concert, but also, we hope and believe, in formal alliance with the enemies of Germany for the victory of democracy and the final defeat of autocracy now fighting with the weapons of piracy.

What such an alliance should mean was forcefully expressed by Mr. Lloyd George in an inspiring address on April 12, when he predicted that the Allies, with America's aid, were about "to emerge into the full light of a perfect day." Specifically, he said that Hindenburg, as shown by a recent interview, depended upon one of two things: First, that the submarine campaign could have destroyed international shipping to such an extent that England would have been put out of business before America was ready; secondly, that America could not be ready for twelve months. But, said the Premier, Hindenburg did not know America, and he added:

> The road to victory, the guarantee of victory, the absolute assurance of victory, has to be found in one word—ships; and a second word—ships; and a third word—ships. With that keenness which characterizes your Nation, I see that they fully realize that, and I see to-day that they have already made arrangements to build ships by the thousand—one thousand 3,000-tonners for the Atlantic. I believe that the Germans and their military advisers are already beginning to realize that this is another of their miscalculations, which is going to lead them to disaster and ruin.

To the same purport is an utterance of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, formerly Commander-in-Chief of the British fleet, and now First Sea Lord. He said bluntly that the submarine situation was a serious one, with hard problems to meet, and that 'anything and everything in the way of small craft, from destroyers to tugs, would be the most useful contribution which the United States could make to the war against German submarines."

The road for supplies and trade must be kept open. Already the British Admiralty has given our navy exact information as to how many submarines have been sunk and the British method of fighting them, and it hopes much, said Admiral Jellicoe, from American inventive genius. Finally, he quoted for our approval Admiral Mahan's dictum: "War, once declared, must be waged offensively, aggressively. The enemy must not be fended off, but smitten down. You may then spare him every exaction, relinquish every gain, but down he must be struck incessantly and remorselessly."

CONGRESS AND OUR ARMIES

In providing for the American army Congress is confronted with two main problems. One is the problem of making the army democratic by making military service universal. The other problem is that of raising an efficient force that can be used promptly in this war.

The first problem has been discussed in Congress for several months. To solve it there have been two principal proposals. One is that of Senator Chamberlain; the other is that of the Army General Staff. Senator Chamberlain's proposal provides for universal training of citizens during a period of six months. The Army General Staff's proposal provides for a training period of eleven months. In other respects the two proposals are similar.

We have repeatedly discussed this problem and have given our reasons for preferring Senator Chamberlain's plan.

Concerning the shorter period of training, General Wood says:

> I am convinced that a period of six months' intensive training will be sufficient to give us a reasonably effective and well-trained private soldier. I make this statement as a result of four years of observation of training under the intensive system which we have had in force at the military training camps, a system under which it was estimated by a board of regular officers that as much was accomplished in one month as is accomplished in four and a half under average conditions and methods of instruction in the regular service. That is to say, they have rated one month of intensive training as we give it, which is something over eight hours a day, as equivalent to about four and a half months under average conditions in the regular establishment. I think that is a conservative estimate.

It may be said, in addition, that, though Germany requires a period of two years in the army for every fit subject of the Empire, the actual period of intensive training during those two years is about eight months. There is every reason to believe that American youths could be made fit for service by six months' intensive training.

The second problem, that of providing an efficient force for this war, is one which has not been discussed until the present Congress met, and must be decided promptly.

To solve this there is before Congress a bill which has the support of the Administration. Under this bill American forces could be raised in two ways: one by voluntary enlistment in the regular army and the National Guard, and the other by what is known as "selective draft." To increase the regular army to 290,000 men and the National Guard to 420,000 there would be required about a half-million volunteers.

It is estimated that it would take at least five months to get the necessary volunteers to fill up the regular army and the National Guard. In the meantime there would be put into operation the system of selected draft. With the exemption of certain classes of men (for example, those who are engaged in munition plants and in other factories where their service would be of greater immediate benefit than as soldiers, those who are physically unfit, those who have persons dependent upon them, and the like), this system, according to the Hon. Julius Kahn, of California, ranking Republican member of the House Committee of Military Affairs, would require the registration of all male persons in the United States between certain ages (for example, from twenty to twenty-five), the placing of

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their names in a wheel, similar to jury boxes, and the drawing of the names by lot, just as juries are drawn in our courts.

HOW SHOULD OUR ARMIES BE RAISED?

The solution of the problem of raising an efficient force to carry the American flag to the battlefields of Europe and that of the problem of creating a citizen army based upon the principle of universal training and universal liability to service are not in any way incompatible the one with the other.

Since a citizen army must be the basis of an expeditionary force, the organization of this citizen army is our first concern. In this citizen army should be included every one capable of service to the Government.

In the military census of the United States practically every citizen should be listed, and his or her capability for work registered. All the youth of the Nation capable of bearing arms or performing active military service should be trained. For some this training might mean merely the application of previous technical education to our military needs. The electrician, the chauffeur, the draughtsman, would perform real military service without throwing aside the knowledge which they had gained in civil life. For those who are destined to make up the bulk of our future active armies six months' intensive training according to what is known as the Chamberlain plan seems to The Outlook to provide the most feasible suggestion that has been made.

Granting that some such measure as the Chamberlain Bill will be made law by the present session of Congress, how, then, shall we proceed to the provision of an army for foreign service?

Certain Congressmen advocate a call for volunteers first, and the adoption of a system of selective conscription only if the volunteer system should prove undependable. Such a plan ignores the teaching of all our history.

On the other hand, the Administration's plan of selective conscription by lot (supplemented, it is true, by volunteer enlistments in the regular army and the National Guard) seems to sacrifice many of the elements of enthusiasm that are supplied by volunteers.

Cannot some plan be found which will provide both for a permanent military establishment and for the creation of an immediate expeditionary force—a plan which will combine the efficiency of the draft with the enthusiasm of the volunteer army? We believe it can be done, because it has been done. Australia in providing for universal compulsory training while asking for volunteers for foreign service has already pointed the way. Let us have selective conscription. Let all be conscripted, but let the selection from all be a self-selection.

Let us require all the citizens of the United States to enlist for the war in accordance with such classifications as may be determined to be best by our military authorities. From among those of an age to make them liable for immediate military service, since we have not enough officers to train the entire class, let the first contingent be chosen from those who volunteer for the work.

Those who do not volunteer, however, should by no means be relieved from their obligations to the Government, as they might seem to be under a system of selection by lot. Let them also be mobilized and put into an industrial army to serve either in the shops or on the farms for the term of the war, and into the Reserve for later training and service. When the time comes when we can thoroughly train all those who come of military age during each year, in accordance with such a measure as the Chamberlain Bill, then only will our military establishment be upon a sound basis. In the meantime there is no need to sacrifice either the ardor and the high spirit which at present exists or the possibilities of building up in the future a sane military system.

WAR PREPARATION: BONDS

Congress has unanimously passed the "Seven Billion Dollar Bill." The seven billion dollars include the sale of five billion dollars' worth of bonds and two billion dollars' worth of short-term certificates of indebtedness; of the five billions we are to loan three billions to the Entente countries. We have thus given impressive evidence to the world of instant readiness to furnish in generous amount money, not only for our own war preparation, but also for loans to our allies.

The greatest need among those allies was well reflected in the Senate by two speakers. The first, Senator Kellogg, of Minnesota, in his maiden speech, said, as reported:

> Our hope for success in this war lies in the great heart of democracy, and this is not had by any country in a day. In Russia democracy is flanked on one side by monarchical intrigue and on the other by Socialism and anarchy.

The second speaker, Senator Smoot, of Utah, declared that the three-billion-dollar loan to the Allies would doubtless be paid, but, if it were not, he said, as reported:

> Every penny will be spent in defense of the principles we believe in and are fighting for. If the President sees fit to advance to Russia a billion dollars, and take in return obligations, if it would establish a republican form of government, I would favor its advancement even though the United States were not to get a cent.

Doubtless this special consideration, as well as the fact that loans by our Government to the Allies will result in bolstering their general credit, moved members in both branches of Congress towards the record vote of 389 to 0 in the House and 84 to 0 in the Senate. Moreover, both Democratic and Republican leaders announced that all of their members would have voted affirmatively had they been present.

The bill was not materially amended in the House, except for the inclusion of provisions directing that the loans to foreign governments shall be made during, and not after, the war, and that the securities of foreign governments bought by our own as collateral shall be the securities of nations fighting Germany.

The Senate amendments were:

1. The change in the title of the bill, adding after the words "To authorize an issue of bonds to meet expenditures for the National security and defense and to extend credit to foreign governments" the words "for the purpose of assisting in the prosecution of the war," the insertion being made so that even in the title of the bill the purpose for which the money is to be loaned to our allies shall be unmistakable.
2. The exemption of the certificates from State and Federal taxation, and the exemption of the bond issues from taxation by municipalities as well as by State and Federal Governments.
3. The duration of the war given as the time limit within which the bonds might be converted to subsequent issues bearing a higher rate of interest (the text of the bill had limited this conversion privilege to December 31, 1918).
4. The provision that money realized from the sale of the bonds may be deposited in any banks selected by the Secretary of the Treasury, instead of confining the banks which may receive deposits to member banks of the Federal Reserve system, thus permitting thousands of State banks and trust companies to receive deposits.
5. The limitation of the amount of receipts from the bonds to be deposited in banks and trust companies not affiliated with the Federal Reserve system to the amounts withdrawn from each of these banks for subscription to the loan.

The bill, as passed with such unanimity, is the more striking because, unlike many previous measures, it leaves much of the detail to those who are to administer the law. Such an example should be followed in other legislative measures.

The banks of the country have offered free their services in placing the loan. It costs at least two per cent, and often more, to float an ordinary loan. These banks, acting from motives of patriotism, will now become Government agents. We hope that a plan which found its inception in England may be carried out here—the installment plan. That is to say, a man goes to a bank to borrow money to buy a bond. The bank takes the bond as collateral for the loan, and the man pays by installments. In this way it might be possible not only for a comparatively poor man to gratify his pride by owning a Government bond, but even for every member of his family to have one.

The whole transaction forms a mighty first step in our contribution to the war. The war needs from us money, munitions, ships, food, men. We are not ready with sufficient munitions and ships, and we are far from being ready with sufficient food and men. But in the matter of money we are ready, and especially in the matter of credit. In these directions Congress has now superbly distinguished itself.

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WAR PREPARATION: TAXES

In addition to the money raised by loans for the prosecution of the war, we must raise money by taxation.

The present sources of taxation are pretty well strained. Hence there must be new sources. Suggestions as to them have already come from the Administration, together with the specific amounts hoped for from these new sources. In the aggregate these amounts cover over $1,800,000,000.

Outstanding in these suggestions are greatly increased income and excess-profit tax rates, the taxation of many articles now admitted free, and stamp-liquor, soft drink, coffee, tobacco, automobile, transportation, and amusement taxes.

The most far-reaching suggestion concerns income taxes—a fifty per cent increase on both individual and corporation income taxes and a lowering of the income tax exemption from $3,000 to $1,500 for unmarried persons and from $4,000 to $2,000 for married persons, together with a material raising of the supertax. Whatever may be said as to the corporation income tax, we are glad to know that the personal income tax is likely at last to be democratized; indeed, the exemption limit, following Great Britain's example, might well have been placed still lower.

We have also England's example with regard to the excess-profits tax, but here the example is a caution to us. The tax recently enacted by Congress proposing a burden of 8 per cent on business profits over and above eight per cent of the capital employed, regardless of whether such profits have any relation to war conditions or not, is unscientific. The English excess-profits tax is a burden on business during the war only to the extent that such profits are attributed to the war. To increase such a tax is only to emphasize a present injustice. But this is not all. The suggestion comes from the Administration that the excess-profits tax be made retroactive, to apply to the present fiscal year. In addition to the patent difficulty of collecting such a tax, the plan would impose particular hardship, for much of the fiscal year's income has already been dispersed, and still more is being used as capital for needed expansion of business, and could not be drawn upon without disorganizing present necessary plans. It is essential that in any tax considerations nothing should be done which would bring enterprise to a standstill, which would induce capital to go into hiding, which would throw out of employment many workmen, or which would handicap the Nation in its business activities.

There is therefore a more general approval of the Administration's other suggestions than that concerning the excess-profits retroactive tax. It is admitted by many Democrats as well as by most Republicans that certain articles now admitted free should be taxed, and that there might be taxes on transportation rates, whether passenger or freight; on automobiles, auto-trucks, motor cycles; on theater, baseball, and other amusement tickets; increased taxes on distilled spirits, fermented liquors (with new taxes on "soft drinks"), and tobacco; and new taxes on other articles of luxury.

AN AGRICULTURAL CONFERENCE

In Washington agricultural representatives from thirty-two States have met with the Secretary of Agriculture and adopted recommendations looking toward the increase of farm crops, the promotion of food saving, and the provision of labor for agricultural work. The men who assembled in Washington represented the best agricultural thought in the country. The recommendations of this conference are therefore of particular and timely interest. The general recommendations of the Conference included an appeal for an appropriation of $25,000,000 to be made available immediately for the use of the Secretary of Agriculture, an urgent call to all farmers to increase production and to housewives to avoid all food waste, a demand for the mobilization of over two million unemployed boys between the ages of fifteen and nineteen years for service on the farms, a complete survey of our food supply, systematic publicity in regard to food costs, and price fixing of food products, if necessity arises. The recommendations of the Conference included also advice as to co-ordination of all forces working for the conservation of our food supply. Specific recommendations were made as to the areas to be devoted to the leading food crops, to the increase of live-stock holdings and poultry products, and the control of diseases, such as hog cholera and tick fever, which have in the past done such damage to the live-stock interests of the country.

FOOD PRODUCTION AND THE AVERAGE CITIZEN

Such recommendations as have been made by this Conference are, of course, valuable and thought-provoking. To the average citizen, however, whether he be a small farmer or a suburbanite with a garden in prospect, general recommendations are not of conclusive value. It is all very well to tell a farmer to increase his food products, but if he has not the money to buy fertilizer, to drain his fields, or to employ labor, such recommendations are of limited benefit. Even if the average farmer has the money to pay for improvements and labor under normal conditions, the present lack of available labor might make it impossible for him to increase the productivity of his land. Land which is planted and which is not cared for represents a greater waste than if it had not been planted at all.

This is something which should be borne in mind by the thousands who are venturing into the garden world for the first time this spring. There is a chance that unless these garden activities are properly supervised there will be a great waste of valuable seeds and no less valuable labor. It seems to us that the present time represents an admirable opportunity for the extension of the activities of the county agricultural agents who are now so widely scattered throughout the country. These agents should during the present year be provided with assistants to help in the planting and the care of town and village gardens. Communities might well appoint garden supervisors to advise and aid all those who are venturing into the new field of food production. At any rate, no one who is starting a garden for the first time should hesitate to avail himself of the advice of his State Agricultural College, and, where such an official exists, of his county agricultural agent.

TWO APPOINTMENTS

Two appointments of interest have been made during the past week. The first and most important is that of Major-General Goethals to supervise the building of the fleet of wooden cargo ships which are to transport supplies to the Allies from this country. General Goethals's appointment comes about through the creation by the Shipping Board of a fifty-million-dollar corporation to carry on the proposed work. This corporation was provided for by the law which created the Shipping Board, a law which also provides that a majority of the stock of this corporation must be held by the Board itself. The directors of this new corporation will be selected by the Board, who will elect the officers of the corporation. General Goethals's title under this organization will probably be that of General Manager. It is expected that the Shipping Board will ask for authority to increase the capital stock of this corporation to perhaps as large a sum as $225,000,000.

The second appointment is that of Mr. George Creel, a former newspaper man, as Executive Chairman of a newly created Committee on Public Information. The other members of this Committee are the Secretaries of State, War, and the Navy, who are authorized to delegate assistants to aid in carrying out the active work of the Committee. The two functions of this new Committee are censorship and publicity. How these functions will be exercised cannot be exactly determined. Apparentlythe emphasis is to be laid on the giving out of large quantities of news rather than in acting as a restraining censorship. Such military censorship as may be required, it would seem most natural, should be done by the authorities of our military departments themselves.

In a letter recommending the appointment of such a Board the three Secretaries of the State, War, and Navy Departments say:

> Even though the co-operation of the press has been generous and patriotic, there is a steadily developing need for some authoritative agency to assure the publication of all the vital facts of National defense. . . .
>
> America's great present needs are confidence, enthusiasm, and

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service; and these needs will not be met completely unless every citizen is given the feeling of partnership that comes with full, frank statements concerning the conduct of the public business.

It is our opinion that the two functions—censorship and publicity—can be joined in honesty and with profit, and we recommend the creation of a committee of public information. The chairman should be a civilian, probably some writer of proved courage, ability, and vision, able to gain the understanding co-operation of the press, and at the same time rally the authors of the country to a work of service.

Mr. Creel, who has been an ardent defender of Secretary Daniels and a strong supporter of Mr. Wilson, ought to be able sympathetically to present the aims and policies of the Administration. The co-operation of the authors and writers of the country with Mr. Creel will, we believe, be limited only by Mr. Creel's willingness and ability to co-operate with them.

THE VAST BATTLE IN NORTHERN FRANCE

Both German and French official despatches describe the fighting in northern France, still going on and increasing in intensity as late as April 18, as the most terrific and extended of the war. A German report from headquarters speaks of it as "one of the greatest battles of the mighty war, and therefore also in the world's history." A French War Office estimate of April 17 asserts that General Nivelle's troops in twenty-four hours previous, on a forty-mile front, had inflicted losses of one hundred thousand in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Fierce fighting has been going on at many points over a line more than a hundred miles long.

The most important movement of the week ending April 18 was the great French advance along the Aisne, between Soissons and Rheims, and east of Rheims. Everywhere the French gains were considerable in extent, and seem to be of vital value in reducing the great German salient stretching out toward Soissons and in threatening Laon, which is by all observers considered an essential point in the so-called Hindenburg line; it might be better described as the line chosen by German military skill as that which they had prepared for permanent occupation after the retreat from the Somme district. It certainly has been broken through at more than one point. The German papers having remarked that all German lines are "Hindenburg lines," it has been retorted that the only Hindenburg line now visible is a line of retreat. Even on the far northern part of the line a success has been gained by the occupation of Dixmude, while toward the other extreme the French have made gains in Alsace.

General Haig's advance had reached a high form of development before the great French push began. The battles of Arras and Vimy Heights placed Lens and St. Quentin in so precarious a situation that German withdrawal seems certain, and new advances threaten Douai and Cambrai. Lens is famous for its coal mines, foundries, and engineering works. Apparently, as we write, the Germans are holding on there only to destroy everything possible, even to the flooding of the mines. Much the same situation exists at St. Quentin and La Fère; the Allies find it better worth while to work out their old plan of "pocketing" these places by driving eastward to the north and south of the towns than to carry them by direct attack.

Already the Allies have accomplished more in injury to their enemies in northern France than in all the operations of last year. The German Staff clearly and certainly miscalculated the swiftness of the Allies and the weight of guns the Allies could bring to bear in attacking their enemy in his new positions.

Other war events of note for the week were: the appointment of General Alexieff, formerly Chief of Staff, as Commander-in-Chief of the Russian armies; a new victory by General Maude over the Turks, northeast of Bagdad; and the report that a German submarine had been sighted on the American coast and had fired the first shot in the American naval war by attacking, but missing, an American destroyer, the U. S. S. Smith.

NEW LIMBS FOR OLD

A year ago we reported what was being done to train the French war cripples to support themselves in useful trades. At that time this work was just beginning, being carried on by the French Government in co-operation with a number of Americans organized under the somewhat cumbersome title, "American Committee for Training in Suitable Trades the Maimed Soldiers of France."

When this work was begun, it was announced that for $100 a maimed man could be educated to support himself at such a trade as basket-making, photography, shoemaking, stenography, or tailoring.

In the short space of thirteen months $247,000 has been raised and two thousand cripples have been made self-supporting. The American Committee is now trying to raise more money in order to guarantee the future maintenance of their work and enlarge it. Three schools are in constant operation, as follows. Grand Palais, Champs Elysées, Paris, where three hundred men are being trained; a large private house at 28 Quai Debilly, Paris, which is a school for one hundred maimed soldiers; and Maison Blanche, at Neuilly-sur-Marne, eight miles from Paris, where in the schools founded by Mr. Edward T. Stotesbury, of Philadelphia, five hundred cripples are learning to make their living by the use of artificial limbs or by the development of new senses to replace others impaired by war.

Encouraged by the success of these industrial schools, the French Government has decided to establish agricultural schools for the crippled peasants, and has asked the help of the American Committee for this purpose. The heaviest burden of this war in France has fallen on the French peasants—over sixty per cent of the French army is drawn from the rural population. Without minimizing the importance of the courageous attempts of the women to do the work of men on the farms, the French Government has come to the conclusion that women are not entirely adequate for this work, and that it is important for the welfare of the Republic to replace as much as possible of the lost male labor. With this end in view, the Government has offered to the American Committee two extensive farms—one at Juvisy, about fifteen miles southwest of Paris, and one at Troyes, ninety miles southeast of Paris. For the maintenance of these schools a good deal of money is needed to add to what the Committee has already devoted to this purpose.

Americans wishing to help our friend and ally, France, by the training of her cripples for either industrial or agricultural work may send donations to Mrs. Edmund Lincoln Baylies, Room 134, Biltmore Hotel, New York City.

OUR NATIONAL FORESTS AND PARKS

Last year the American Civic Association started the plan of touring the National Parks, and this year the Massachusetts Forestry Association has started a similar plan, adding thereto the National forests. The object of the tour is educational.

Certainly it is the duty of most of those in the country to become more familiar with the vast domains included in the National parks and the National forests. Tours through them ought to arouse an interest which would lead to a greater use and appreciation of them. The plan projected by the Massachusetts Forestry Association therefore finds fit place in this "Travel Number" of The Outlook.

The tour is expected to begin at Boston on June 28, proceed by way of Chicago and Denver to the Rocky Mountain National Park, the Yellowstone and the Glacier National Parks, and the Chelan National Forest, to Seattle; then to Rainier National Park and Forest on the way to Portland, Oregon, and then to Crater Lake National Park and Forest on the way to San Francisco. Of course a visit to the Yosemite National Park and the General Grant National Park would be an accompaniment to the journey to Los Angeles, after which the Grand Canyon of the Colorado would be the chief attraction.

We have only just begun to appreciate what we have in the way of scenic interest and grandeur in our National forests and parks. Nowhere in the world may we find such groves as those of our mighty sequoias, oldest of living trees. Nowhere may we find geysers to compare with ours. Certainly nowhere is there anything comparable to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

From such a trip as that outlined above there should be another benefit than that merely of delight and awe at the sight of the scenery, and that is the tourist's increasing familiarity with

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Darling in the New York Tribune

THE FIRST IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT

Kirby in the New York World

"PROFIT BY THESE, SAM"

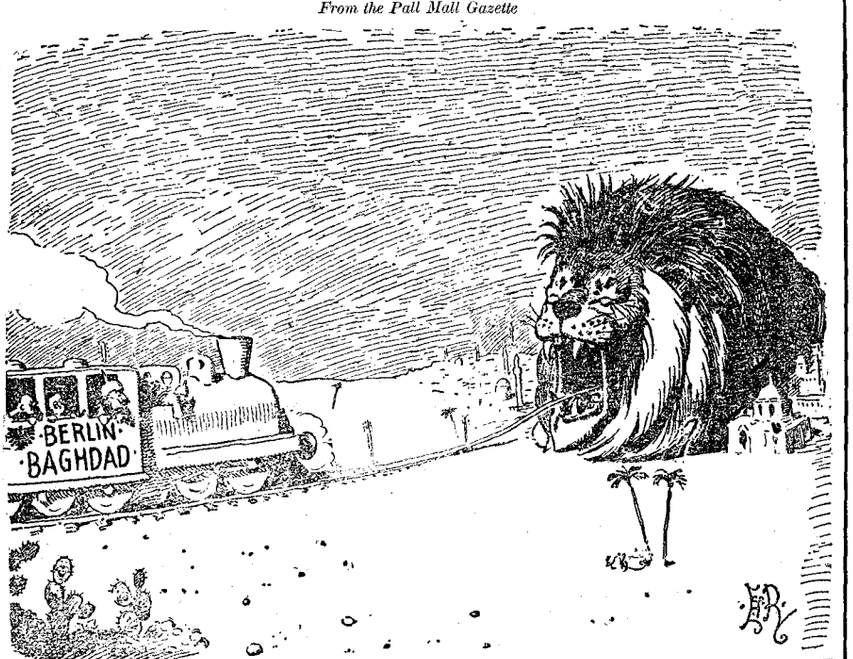
From L'Asino (Rome)

IN A GERMAN RESTAURANT

"Waiter, bring me a piece of Mesopotamia."

"I'm sorry, General, but England has swallowed it all."

From the Pall Mall Gazette



THE TERMINUS

Wilhelm of Hohenzollern: "So THAT is the end of our Great Line, after all!"

Kirby in the New York World

"Germany never had the slightest intention of attacking the United States of America, and does not have such intention now."

Cesare in the New York Evening Post

THE VICTORIOUS HOSTS OF LIBERTY RETURNING

From Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris)

—On ne passe pas!

THE SWISS GUARD

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the details of the problems which are continually arising concerning the National forests and National parks. Every such tourist ought to become a center of influence in bringing about a proper solution of those problems.

Any plan, therefore—whether that of the American Civic Association, the Massachusetts Forestry Association, or of any other body—which makes it possible for the ordinary man or woman to visit these great domains, to enjoy their wonders and become better acquainted with their conditions, is both vacational and educational.

FROM THE PRESIDENT TO THE PEOPLE

PRESIDENT WILSON'S proclamation of April 15 to the People of the United States expresses in official form what the whole country ought to think. It is, if we may be permitted the phrase, a National editorial. For this reason, as well as in cordial compliance with the President's request that his words be given the widest publicity by the journals of the Nation, we place it here in our editorial columns.

The White House, April 15, 1917.

My Fellow-Countrymen:

The entrance of our own beloved country into the grim and terrible war for democracy and human rights which has shaken the world creates so many problems of National life and action which call for immediate consideration and settlement that I hope you will permit me to address to you a few words of earnest counsel and appeal with regard to them.

We are rapidly putting our navy upon an effective war footing and are about to create and equip a great army, but these are the simplest parts of the great task to which we have addressed ourselves. There is not a single selfish element, so far as I can see, in the cause we are fighting for. We are fighting for what we believe and wish to be the rights of mankind and for the future peace and security of the world. To do this great thing worthily and successfully we must devote ourselves to the service without regard to profit or material advantage, and with an energy and intelligence that will rise to the level of the enterprise itself. We must realize to the full how great the task is and how many things, how many kinds and elements of capacity and service and self-sacrifice, it involves.

These, then, are the things we must do and do well, besides fighting—the things without which mere fighting would be fruitless.

We must supply abundant food for ourselves and for our armies and our seamen not only; but also, for a large part of the nations with whom we have now made common cause, in whose support and by whose sides we shall be fighting.

We must supply ships by the hundreds out of our ship-yards to carry to the other side of the sea, submarines or no submarines, what will every day be needed there, and abundant materials out of our fields and our mines and our factories with which not only to clothe and equip our own forces on land and sea, but also to clothe and support our people for whom the gallant fellows under arms can no longer work; to help clothe and equip the armies with which we are co-operating in Europe, and to keep the looms and manufactories there in raw materials; coal to keep the fires going in ships at sea and in the furnaces of hundreds of factories across the sea; steel out of which to make arms and ammunition both here and there; rails for worn-out railways back of the fighting fronts; locomotives and rolling stock to take the place of those every day going to pieces; mules, horses, cattle for labor and for military service; everything with which the people of England and France and Italy and Russia have usually supplied themselves but cannot now afford the men, the materials, or the machinery to make.

It is evident to every thinking man that our industries, on the farms, in the ship-yards, in the mines, in the factories, must be made more prolific and more efficient than ever, and that they must be more economically managed and better adapted to the particular requirements of our task than they have been; and what I want to say is that the men and the women who devote their thought and their energy to these things will be serving the country and conducting the fight for peace and freedom just as truly and just as effectively as the men on the battle-field or in the trenches.

The industrial forces of the country, men and women alike, will be a great National, a great international, service army—a notable and honored host engaged in the service of the Nation and the world, the efficient friends and saviors of free men everywhere. Thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands, of men otherwise liable to military service will, of right and of necessity, be excused from that service and assigned to the fundamental sustaining work of the fields and factories and mines, and they will be as much part of the great patriotic forces of the Nation as the men under fire.

I take the liberty, therefore, of addressing this word to the farmers of the country, and to all who work on the farms. The supreme need of our own Nation and of the nations with which we are co-operating is an abundance of supplies, and especially of foodstuffs.

The importance of an adequate food supply, especially for the present year, is superlative. Without abundant food, alike for the armies and the peoples now at war, the whole great enterprise upon which we have embarked will break down and fail. The world's food reserves are low. Not only during the present emergency, but for some time after peace shall have come, both our own people and a large proportion of the people of Europe must rely upon the harvests in America.

Upon the farmers of this country, therefore, in large measure rests the fate of the war and the fate of the nations. May the Nation not count upon them to omit no step that will increase the production of their land, or that will bring about the most effectual co-operation in the sale and distribution of their products?

The time is short. It is of the most imperative importance that everything possible be done and done immediately to make sure of large harvests. I call upon young men and old alike and upon the able-bodied boys of the land to accept and act upon this duty—to turn in hosts to the farms and make certain that no pains and no labor is lacking in this great matter.

I particularly appeal to the farmers of the South to plant abundant foodstuffs as well as cotton. They can show their patriotism in no better or more convincing way than by resisting the great temptation of the present price of cotton, and helping, helping upon a great scale, to feed the Nation and the peoples everywhere who are fighting for their liberties and for our own. The variety of their crops will be the visible measure of their comprehension of their National duty.

The Government of the United States and the Governments of the several States stand ready to co-operate. They will do everything possible to assist farmers in securing an adequate supply of seed, an adequate force of laborers when they are most needed at harvest time, and the means of expediting shipments of fertilizers and farm machinery, as well as of the crops themselves when harvested.

The course of trade shall be as unhampered as it is possible to make it, and there shall be no unwarranted manipulation of the Nation's food supply by those who handle it on its way to the consumer. This is our opportunity to demonstrate the efficiency of a great democracy, and we shall not fall short of it.

This let me say to the middlemen of every sort, whether they are handling our foodstuffs or our raw materials of manufacture or the products of our mills and factories. The eyes of the country will be especially upon you. This is your opportunity for signal service, efficient and disinterested. The country expects you, as it expects all others, to forego unusual profits, to organize and expedite shipments of supplies of every kind, but especially of food, with an eye to the service you are rendering and in the spirit of those who enlist in the ranks, for their people, not for themselves. I shall confidently expect you to deserve and win the confidence of people of every sort and station.

To the men who run the railways of the country, whether they be managers or operative employees, let me say that the railways are the arteries of the Nation's life, and that upon them rests the immense responsibility of seeing to it that these arteries suffer no obstruction of any kind, no inefficiency or slackened power.

To the merchant let me suggest the motto, "Small profits and

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quick service;" and to the shipbuilder the thought that the life of the war depends upon him.

The food and the war supplies must be carried across the seas, no matter how many ships are sent to the bottom. The places of those that go down must be supplied, and supplied at once.

To the miner let me say that he stands where the farmer does: the work of the world waits on him. If he slackens or fails, armies and statesmen are helpless. He also is enlisted in the great service army.

The manufacturer does not need to be told, I hope, that the Nation looks to him to speed and perfect every process; and I want only to remind his employees that their service is absolutely indispensable and is counted on by every man who loves the country and its liberties.

Let me suggest also that every one who creates or cultivates a garden helps, and helps greatly, to solve the problem of the feeding of the nations, and that every housewife who practices strict economy puts herself in the ranks of those who serve the Nation.

This is the time for America to correct her unpardonable fault of wastefulness and extravagance.

Let every man and every woman assume the duty of careful, provident use and expenditure as a public duty, as a dictate of patriotism which no one can now expect ever to be excused or forgiven for ignoring.

In the hope that this statement of the needs of the Nation and of the world in this hour of supreme crisis may stimulate those to whom it comes and remind all who need reminder of the solemn duties of a time such as the world has never seen before, I beg that all editors and publishers everywhere will give as prominent publication and as wide circulation as possible to this appeal. I venture to suggest, also, to all advertising agencies that they would perhaps render a very substantial and timely service to the country if they would give it widespread repetition, and I hope that clergymen will not think the theme of it an unworthy or inappropriate subject of comment and homily from their pulpits.

The supreme test of the Nation has come. We must all speak, act, and serve together. WOODROW WILSON.

AMERICA AT THE FRONT

"We shall never be a real factor in this war until our troops are in the trenches."

These words, from a recent address by General Francis V. Greene, which has been printed in full in the New York "Times," should be placarded throughout the country. The Administration evidently realizes the fact that these words express; it is the people of the country that still need to realize it. To give our allies access to our financial and material resources is plainly the duty we can most easily and most promptly perform. But, as General Greene says, "You cannot buy your way through war with your check books. You must pay with your own sweat and blood." And every American who remembers his country's history—its mistakes and its achievements, its ideals and the hardships it has endured for their sake—will want to have America count as a factor in the war as soon as possible.

General Greene points out that in order to do this it is necessary to put through the plan which the Administration proposes—the raising of the regular army to war strength and of the National Guard to nearly half a million men, and to raise an army of half a million on the principle of universal liability to military service.

But, as he also says, it is important to send our men to France to get their training there. He would have this country transport an infantry division to Europe, and he gives military reasons for the need of sending them there as soon as practicable. But there is more than military reason for this. The chief reason is a moral one. The effect of the appearance of our troops in Europe "in heartening up the French and British soldiers in the trenches, as well as the Belgians, Italians, and Russians, will be as immense," says General Greene, "as the effect upon Washington's ragged and starving soldiers one hundred and thirty-seven years ago when Lafayette arrived with money, gunpowder, and clothing, but, above all, with the news that some of the finest regiments of the French army were already on their way to America. Our independence really dates from that period, rather than from July 4, 1776."

This is a reason why every facility should be given to Mr. Roosevelt in his plan of raising a division to go overseas.

The military man, intent on securing military efficiency, is likely to overlook forces that are not purely military. For that reason, some military men deplore the proposal to send from this country at an early date men of military training who could be used in training the forces that we shall need a year from now. In such a war as this, however, purely military considerations should not control. It was because the French people recognized this fact that the governmental authorities of France declined to acquiesce in the proposal of some French military men that Verdun be abandoned to the Germans, for these authorities recognized the truth that whatever military advantage might be gained by yielding this spot in the line would be more than offset by the moral loss in its surrender. And these military men were wrong and the governmental authorities were right; and the repulsion of the Germans at Verdun was a victory far surpassing any incidental military advantage. It meant new moral strength to the whole French Republic.

It is such moral strength that it is our duty to give to our allies as soon as we can. And we should do this not merely for our old-time friend France, but for our new sister democracy, Russia.

It is planned, we understand, to help Russia by lending money to her and by sending a commission to Petrograd to act as an expert advisory board for the new Government. This is well and good. But we ought to give Russia more than money, more than expert advice. We ought to give her the moral strength that can come from the presence of Americans in uniform on Russian soil.

And it is important that we do this at this moment, for it is this moment which is supremely important in the determination of Russia's destiny.

We should send to Russia an American regiment, or even a smaller military body. We should send that unit to cross the Pacific, and, traveling across the Russian Empire, to be seen by the common people at the railway stations, to parade in Moscow and Petrograd, and to go to the front. A thousand or five hundred men would give no new military strength to the Russian hosts. There are as many men at the Russian front as Russia needs—more, perhaps, than she can well supply. In a military sense, five hundred Americans might be regarded as five hundred men in the way. But in a moral sense their presence in Russia would be of inestimable value. These men might never actually be in the trenches. It does not matter whether they are or not. But they would find their way into the hearts of the Russian people, and that is where they are needed.

Russia is an infant democracy, and she is looking to the United States, as the oldest of the great republics, for encouragement, for moral support, and for an example of disciplined liberty. The one hundred and sixty millions of Russian peasants regard America as a dream country. Nothing else in the world, we are assured, would create a greater sensation and arouse a greater enthusiasm among the Russians than the fact that Americans—not dream Americans, but real Americans—in American uniforms and bearing the American flag were on Russian soil as comrades of the men of the armies of new Russia.

And these Americans would be the strongest safeguards against the perils that threaten Russia to-day. Reverses suffered under the Czar did not break the Russian spirit, because the Russians knew that it was not their fault, but the fault of their reactionary Government. Reverses to-day would be harder to bear because they would engender doubt among the Russian people in the strength of democracy itself. What the Russian peasants, who do not read the newspapers and who do not get the news by the printed page, need is an ocular demonstration of the power of democracy. They need a symbol, a democratic ikon, and this America can give to them.

We must not leave these Russians, these allies of ours, without the moral reinforcement which out of our one hundred and forty years of tried democracy we can furnish them.

And, best of all, we can do this without weakening the future military strength of the United States, and we can do this by

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rendering an additional and practical service as well as a symbolic one.

Russia needs engineers for her railways. She has troops enough; she probably has munitions and supplies enough; but she has not means of easily getting her supplies and her munitions to her troops or distributing her food among her people. For the building of such railways America can send American engineers. There are Americans already in Russia building railways. There is no difficulty about putting our civil engineers and all the mechanical engineers we can spare to the service of Russian railways and Russian factories.

We propose that this military contingent that should be sent to Russia be composed of such engineers. They should be formed into a regiment, under the command of a colonel of the American military establishment, with a Russian officer as an aide-de-camp. These engineers need have no more military training than is necessary to enable them to march together and to live under the simplest of military conditions. They can be called from out of civil life. They should be put into American uniforms; they should carry the American flag; they could elect their own subalterns and non-commissioned officers; they could serve as well as any other military contingent as the symbol of America's military force; they could march as well as any other body through the towns and villages of Russia. And when they had served to rally Russian courage, Russian faith in democracy, and Russian confidence in American fidelity, they could disperse to their engineering tasks and serve Russia where Russia most needs service.

Such a regiment of engineers in American uniform would hearten Russia.

They would renew Russia's respect for America.

They would demonstrate to the Russian peasant, inclined, with his new-found freedom, to throw off restraint, that democracy can be not only free, but also disciplined.

And they could render to Russia, through their expert work, invaluable service.

Not the least of the benefits that such an American force of citizen-soldier engineers in Russia would bring would be the benefit to our own land. Their progress across the American continent to the Pacific coast would be told in daily despatches. Their arrival in Japan, one of our allies, would be dramatic and significant. Their journey across Siberia would be told to the American people. The story of their reception in town after town in Russia would tell to the American people what Russia means to democracy to-day. They would help to awaken Americans from lethargy, and give to America a new inspiration and faith in the ideals which Americans profess.

AN OPEN LETTER

TO A FORMER PROGRESSIVE

My Dear ——:

In 1912 you and I were singing together "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and in imagination were fighting the battle of Armageddon. We had enlisted for life in the war against social injustice. But now we have separated. You are all for peace, and I am still for war. Why? Have you changed? Or have I changed? Or has the issue changed?

Professor Eduard Meyer eulogizes Germany as the most monarchical government in Europe. The power of its monarch he says, "must be unlimited, and it cannot, therefore, be responsible to man, but to God alone." He wrote before the revolution in Russia, but even then his statement was correct. Absolutism was more apparent in Russia, but more real in Germany. In December last a Russian teacher in this country said to me—I am quoting from memory: "The intellectuals in Russia are democratic; the spirit of the universities is democratic; the army is pervaded by democratic aspirations; the peasantry have learned in the communes the first lessons of democracy; when the next revolution breaks out in Russia, it will achieve its purpose with little bloodshed." And the revolution of last month proved him a wise student of life.

But in Germany the whole structure of government—political, educational, military, industrial—is autocratic.

At the head of this Government is an Emperor who with frank egotism has thus defined his own idea of his powers: "Only one is master of this country. That is I. Who opposes me I shall crush to pieces. . . . *Sic volo, sic jubeo.* . . . We Hohenzollerns take our crown from God alone, and to God alone we are responsible in the fulfillment of duty. . . . *Suprema lex regis voluntas.*"[1]

There is a Parliament, but the Ministry is responsible to the Emperor alone, not, as in England, France, and Italy, to the people through the Parliament.

There is universal suffrage, but that suffrage is so adjusted that Prussia controls the Imperial Parliament and a few rich men control Prussia.[2]

There is a public system of education which is highly efficient for the purpose for which it is organized, but that purpose is distinctly autocratic. There is compulsory education in free elementary schools, but they carry the pupil only up to fourteen years of age. There are secondary schools which carry the education on up to the universities, but there is no open door between the elementary and the secondary school. The elementary school does not prepare for the secondary school. The secondary school is not free; entrance into the universities, the professions, and the higher offices in the civil government, the military organization, and the educational system is confined to graduates from the secondary school, and eminent success in the industries of the nation is exceedingly difficult for any others. No private school can be maintained without Government consent, and, in fact, there are only about forty thousand students in the private schools, and these are mostly church schools. The whole educational system is admirably devised to educate the few to govern and the many to be governed.

Such is the constitution of Germany. The Emperor rules Prussia; Prussia rules Germany; and now Germany is attempting to rule the world.

That this is the attempt of Germany The Outlook has heretofore made clear to its readers by quotations from leaders of German thought and rulers in the German state. One quotation must suffice here: "Germany," says Professor Ostwald, "thanks to her genius for organization or social efficiency, has attained a state of civilization far higher than that of all other peoples. This war will in the future compel these other peoples to participate, under the form of German social efficiency, in a civilization higher than their own. . . . You ask me what it is that Germany wants. Well, Germany wants to organize Europe, for up to now Europe has never been organized."[3]

In this attempt of Germany to *compel* the free nations of the earth to throw away their hard-earned liberties and accept Germany's autocratic system you have urged America to acquiesce. Or, if you have not actively protested against America's entering into the war, you have not advocated her entrance. Government of the people, by the people, and for the people does not seem to appeal to you. Why?

Do you think that overtime and underpay of laborers is unjust in America, but the enslavement and deportation of laborers is just in Belgium? To work in mines and factories for mothers and wives is wrong in America, but giving them over to the victims of criminal lust is allowable in Belgium? That child labor ought to be fought against in America, but child murder ought to be winked at in Belgium? Or do you think that justice is worth voting for, but not worth fighting for? Does the dramatic spectacle of a battlefield appear to you more horrible than the spectacle of tyranny unresisted, wrong unpunished? If so, I do not agree with you. The Battle of the Marne in France is glorious compared to the futile revolution of 1848 in Germany. The French Revolution is less dreadful than the Bourbon despotism which that Revolution destroyed.

I do not judge the Germans. They are the victims of a tyranny whose deadly influence they did not suspect. A hundred years of autocratic education has transformed the Germany which believed in liberty of thought, if not of action, into a

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[1] Quoted in the "Nineteenth Century and After," by J. Ellis Barker, an English writer born and educated in Germany.

[2] Of the 397 seats in the Reichstag Prussia has 235, or about three-fifths of the whole number, and in the Parliament of Prussia the largest taxpayers—that is, the comparatively few of the richest men—choose as many electors as the great mass of laborers.—A. Lawrence Lowell, "Governments and Parties in Continental Europe," Vol. I, pp. 253, 305.

[3] Statement by Professor Ostwald in the "Journal de Genève."

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Germany which believes that society must be organized into two classes—one trained to the saddle and bridle that it may be driven, the other trained to the boot and the spur that it may drive. What Henry Ward Beecher said sixty years ago I repeat here with a different application: "As a ship may be carried by an unknown and unsuspected current far out of its track and away from the intent of its master, so communities oftentimes are carried by powerful latent tendencies, over which they have no control, and whose very existence they do not suspect."[1] And I add, with the change of a single word, what he added: "It is so with Germany. The people of Germany are going upon a current which exists without their volition." They were not to blame for failing to perceive whither the unknown and unsuspecting current was carrying them. We are to blame if, after the wreckage we have seen in Belgium and France, we do not know whither that current has carried them.

The American Socialist's indifference to the European struggle puzzles me. I should have thought that any man with a single particle of social justice in his blood would be aflame with wrath against a system which has enslaved men, murdered children, and violated women. Is social justice a vital conviction worth fighting for and dying for, or is it but a gentle sentiment and a pleasing vision only worthy talking about and writing about? That seems to me the question which is put to America to-day, and I am glad with a devout gladness that America is preparing to show the world that she has not lost the self-sacrificing faith of her fathers in the inalienable right of every man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

NO EXCUSE FOR FAILURE

Perhaps no nation ever entered a war with fewer possible excuses for failure than did the United States in the spring of 1917.

We have had two years and a half to thresh out in every conceivable way the reasons for or against entering upon war. Instead of the year which Mr. Bryan has suggested as the panacea for war, we have had two and a half times that period for the consideration of the action which we have now taken.

Most nations have in the past carried on their technical military experiments on a laboratory scale. Instead of peace-time maneuvers and peace-time proving-grounds, we have had a whole world in arms to learn from. The military knowledge that Europe has won at the cost of rivers of bloods is ours almost for the asking.

If we have little excuse for failure in the direction of technical equipment, we have even less excuse for failure in the direction of political and industrial organization. The democracies of Canada and England have paid the cost of our tuition in the school of bitter experience.

Last, and not least, we are now preparing for war under the sharp spur of war itself; and yet we are shielded from the attacks of our enemies by millions of trained men and the greatest navy in the world.

We may, and probably will, be guilty of many grave mistakes during the succeeding months, but, with the history of the past three years in mind, there will be few of us with courage enough to offer excuses for these failures before the bar of history.

A TRAVEL NUMBER FOR STAY-AT-HOMES

The war has made us during the past two years into a Nation of stay-at-homes. We ought to realize that our own land is large enough to provide us all with a field of travel.

Travel is often regarded as one of the luxuries of our civilization. On the contrary, it is one of the necessities. For without travel there can be no civilization.

To travel does not necessarily imply the expenditure of large sums of money. A book or a magazine can prove an instrument of travel as well as a railway train or a steam yacht. Those who travel by thought are often as much entitled to the name of "globe-trotter" as some of those who travel by motor car. Yet those who feel that their traveling must be confined to the printed page sometimes fail to realize how great are the opportunities that exist for viewing more of their own country than they have been accustomed to believe was possible.

Even those of us who cannot afford airplanes, motor boats, motor cars, or motor cycles have, generally speaking, two good feet apiece. We admit the high cost of shoe leather, but, to offset that, there is the higher cost of the stagnant brain and the torpid body for those who forget that feet were made before motors, and that clean earth was created before asphalt pavement. There is a lot of earth in this country of ours, of very excellent quality, covered with an interesting variety of grasses and trees, washed by an unlimited ocean of air—and almost all of it is worth seeing. The methods of seeing it are purely matters of purse and taste.

It was with this thought in mind that we prepared this Travel Number of The Outlook. There is food for thought in it for all kinds of travelers, whether by foot, by horse, by boat, by cycle, by motor car, by railway, or by flying-machine.

IN THE BRITISH LINES: SOME IMPRESSIONS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

WAR—with the capital—is, after all, in its essence simply the noun that corresponds to the adjective *dynamic*: it means effort, adventure, burden, growth, struggle, work, power. It means, indeed, the maintenance and development of one's being. It means and includes every expression of ideas in the service of knowledge and wisdom, and is in this sense an inalienable condition of existence.

But all principles and processes have their aberrant forms. Occasionally the principle of war oversweeps the safeguards by means of which humanity tries to restrict it to its normal functions, and "reels back into the beast." Even the most successful professional warriors have had few encomiums for it, while some of them in their most detached moments have felt that, whether the world can ever be cured of it or not, military war is a malevolent perversion of a wholesome and necessary life principle. It is as though the Ariel of man's hope should be shouldered aside to make room for his enemy Caliban, as though an international Mr. Hyde should brazenly emerge from a too trustful Dr. Jekyll. But more than one meaning may be discerned in the fact that, so far at least as the Allies are concerned, they are determined to remind huge Caliban constantly that Ariel still lives, and that Caliban is still his servant. "England's greatest human asset," writes an American friend to me, "is that, upon the whole, the peace and liberty loving peoples of the earth trust her and fear Germany." "It is not the first time," writes another, "that England has saved the world from tyranny."

It is reassuringly significant that, in spite of the multiplication of complex devices for slaughter, modern armies refuse to become wholly Calibanized, so that war—even the war of this terrible present—is being tempered and alleviated by nobly unselfish deeds that, although themselves alien to war, do much to disguise its naked monstrousness from the eyes of mankind.

The writer is no "pacifist." Pacifism—at least the contemporary expression of it—appears to him a static, sentimental, and too often selfish thing. "To stand still," as Emerson reminds us, "is the one peril." Unless and until nations can learn to consider one another's problems fraternally, to concede and

[1] "Patriotic Addresses," by Henry Ward Beecher, p. 198.

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forego, to be amiable in thought and generous in help—until these changes steadily assert themselves in habit and practice (and they are quite possible of cultivation), there must continue to be generated doubts, suspicions, and jealousies that will sooner or later find their vent in outbursts of armed hatred. No amount of mere preaching can ever hope to cancel war. Only itself, through its own self-revelations, can at last determine mankind to renounce it. And the course of the renunciation will be hesitant and uncertain. Nevertheless, the thesis holds good that war for war's sole sake, for the sake of revenge, or of power, or of "national destiny," is an aberrant and hateful distortion of the principle of war.

It is because the Allies have at least touched this truth within themselves that they are fighting the Germans' attempt to impose their militaristic cult upon humanity. That a non-military nation like Great Britain should have developed in less than three years what is now the most genuinely efficient army in the world is, in this strangely paradoxical conflict, a striking evidence of her detestation of militarism and of her determination to cripple it for a very long time, perhaps indeed to disillusionize its upholders into reconsidering their short-sighted worship of this ugly and truthless god. Nietzsche's "will to power" may yet be reinterpreted in Germany in the light of Bacon's humane ideal: "Power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring."

There can be no doubt that the Allies have been gratifyingly justified by the recent events on the western front. They have hardly needed encouragement, for courage has been one of the most conspicuous qualities of their armies, but the ratification of the French and British strategic plans by the Germans themselves, in their catastrophe at Verdun and their forced retirement—for it was nothing else—on the Somme, this indeed has given fresh confidence and moral reinforcement to the Allied forces. During my visit to the British front (early in March) I heard or saw nowhere the slightest sign of depression. Officers and men alike were quietly sure of their ground, were determined to maintain their ascendency over the Boches, and were thoroughly alert to the possibilities and as thoroughly devoted to the duty of the hour, whether of advance, consolidation, or behind the line organization.

Of the countless details of this organization, in point of rail and road maintenance, means of troop transportation, clearing stations and base hospitals for the wounded, commissariat, arrangements for unfailing supplies of ammunition, personal hygiene and sanitation, military instruction and the entertainment of Thomas Atkins, Esq., during his few leisure hours, it is not possible for me to write in detail. It may be said, however, that on a tour of nearly four hundred miles up and down, in and behind, the British lines I observed some of the workings of an organization so complex, yet so complete, that its processes might well put to shame the too casual routine of many civil institutions on both sides of the Atlantic that have not yet felt deeply enough the importance of keeping themselves flexible and getting things done. One may well comment also upon the cheeriness with which all this hard work is accomplished. Tommy and the *poilu* will manage the west. The spirit that can devise such signposts as meet the eye here and there on the captured Somme territory—"Spring Hill Gardens" and "Fritz's Well"—has inner resources that the enemy will never understand.

The American imagination has been deeply touched by the tragedy of Belgium, and, with the exception of its brutal protagonists, all the world shares that pity. Ypres is its symbol. The town's body is denuded, dead. It has been through two great hells and many lesser ones, but its soul lives on, *intact et sans peur*. The town major impressed me as precisely the type of man to govern Ypres to-day. He is its military mayor, a sort of father-and-mother to Ypres, a brave, broad-shouldered Cornishman who has risen from the ranks, and who administers the affairs of his ruined borough with a pride and zeal that are not short of beautiful. He is not wholly obsessed by military values; he does not wish the visitor to miss the rare places of Ypres that are still, in their grim setting, more or less visible. The other day he helped a poor Belgian to discover his little hoard of francs that had been buried in the town during the first bombardment. He shows firm judgment and instant sympathy as each is needed. If Ypres is Belgium, he—English as he is—is Ypres: brave, steady, enduring, and confident. Looking up at last whimsically at a shell that seemed to me to burst uncomfortably near (but then they all sounded like that!), he remarked: "Ah, high explosive; I thought as much. Perhaps you had better be going now." And we went with a sense of abiding regard for this sturdy soldier, while a deafening crash close by announced that the British guns had something urgent to say to the enemy, something that could not wait.

The word Somme similarly has expanded into a novel and grotesque symbol. For the Somme is a Dantean desolation, extending mile beyond mile—a desolation of splintered tree-trunks, stripped, woebegone boughs, churned-up subsoils that look like plague spots upon the corpse of earth. I thought of Coleridge's "rotting sea." The adjective is pale and ineffective here. I thought of Browning's "Childe Roland:"

> "Penury, inertness, and grimace,
> In some strange sort, were the land's portion. 'See
> Or shut your eyes'—said Nature peevishly—
> 'It nothing skills: I cannot help my case:
> 'Tis the Last Judgment's fire must cure this place,
> Calcine its clods and set my prisoners free.' . . .
>
> As for the grass, it grew as scant as hair
> In leprosy; thin dry blades pricked the mud
> Which underneath looked kneaded up with blood."

The place is indeed "bruised as to balk all hope of greenness," but the truth is that no words can accurately suggest the picture of such utter, carcass-like distortion as one gazes upon in the shell-holes full of refuse and rusty-red water; in the dreary wastes of mud and slime in which lie the endless aftermath of battle (here a charred airplane, there the débris of a machine-gun emplacement); in the dull gray horizons of twisted trees or sluggish clouds; in the thick-driving scavenger crows; in the humps and hollows that seemed at times as though the tortured earth had burst her very entrails and lay horridly stark.

And suddenly I realized that it was Sunday. The vesper bells were ringing clearly through the frosty air, and my thoughts somehow went back to the basilica at Albert, in France, where She with the Babe still leans benignantly, motheringly, to look upon the toiling Tommies who pause a moment, half shyly, half expectantly, to gaze up at her.

But there is another side to the Somme picture. Brisk movement at the appropriate spots is not wanting: a distant train hauling its freight; German prisoners working the roads; Tommy at his endless fatigue jobs; guns volleying overhead; the Army Service Corps "carrying on" with its never-ceasing string of lumbering lorries; and, perhaps most completely diverting of all, the momentary appearance of a Kentucky mule on the sky-line, tossing his heels in an abandoned ecstasy, either at his own temporary holiday or the splendid achievements of the freemen who are crushing tyranny that their fellows everywhere may be free.

How long will the war last? All along the line I ventured to repeat that question. A certain major did me the honor to invite my own conjecture, and, still better, agreed with it; but I found, for the most part, the expected wide diversity of opinion. "How long is a piece of string?" retorted an English statesman in 1914 to the interviewer who sought a definite time limit. Perhaps the best answer given me was that of a South African, who remarked, reflectively, "Well, sir, I can't rightly say; but it looks to me as though this 'ere war 'as settled down now into a sort of a instichooshun."

One bids good-by to the British army with real regret, for contact with it is a tonic experience. It has settled itself definitely down through its sixscore miles of front in France and Flanders, and through the intricate patternings of its reserves and communications, until its job is well and truly done. Although ninety-five per cent of it is amateur, fully as high a proportion in both officers and men is so brave, modest, adaptable, competent, and "up-hearted" that there can be little doubt of overwhelming success for it and its allies when the moment for that full reaping arrives.

And every day brings that moment appreciably nearer.

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE.

London, England, March 27.

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ON THE ROAD: DR. FINLEY SEEMS TO BELIEVE IN SIGNS

TRAVELING AFOOT

BY JOHN FINLEY

"TRAVELING afoot"—the very words start the imagination out upon the road! One's nomad ancestors cry within one across centuries and invite to the open spaces. Many to whom this cry comes are impelled to seek the mountain paths, the forest trails, the solitudes or wildernesses coursed only by the feet of wild animals. But to me the black or dun roads, the people's highways, are the more appealing—those strips or ribbons of land which is still held in common, the paths wide enough for the carriages of the rich and the carts of the poor to pass each other, the roads over which they all bear their creaking burdens or run on errands of mercy or need, but preferably roads that do not also invite the flying automobiles, whose occupants so often make the pedestrian feel that even these strips have ceased to be democratic.

My traveling afoot, for many years, has been chiefly in busy city streets or in the country roads into which they run—not far from the day's work or from the thoroughfares of the world's concerns.

Of such journeys on foot which I recall with greatest pleasure are some that I have made in the encircling of cities. More than once I have walked around Manhattan Island (an afternoon's or a day's adventure within the reach of thousands), keeping as close as possible to the water's edge all the way round. One not only passes through physical conditions illustrating the various stages of municipal development from the wild forest at one end of the island to the most thickly populated spots of the earth at the other, but one also passes through diverse cities and civilizations. Another journey of this sort was one that I made around Paris, taking the line of the old fortifications, which are still maintained, with a zone following the fortifications most of the way just outside, inhabited only by squatters, some of whose houses were on wheels ready for "mobilization" at an hour's notice. (It was near the end of that circumvallating journey, about sunset, on the last day of an old year, that I saw my first airplane rising like a great golden bird in the aviation field, and a few minutes later my first elongated dirigible—precursors of the air armies.)

I have read that the Scotch once had a custom of making a yearly pilgrimage or excursion around their boroughs or cities —"beating the bounds," they called it, following the boundaries that they might know what they had to defend. It is a custom that might profitably be revived. We should then know better the cities in which we live. We should be stronger, healthier, for such expeditions, and the better able and the more willing to defend our boundaries.

But these are the exceptional foot expeditions. For most urbanites there is the opportunity for the daily walk to and from work, if only they were not tempted by the wheel of the street car or motor. During the subway strike in New York not long ago I saw able-bodied men riding in improvised barges or buses going at a slower-than-walking pace, because, I suppose, though still possessed of legs, these cliff dwellers had become enslaved by wheels, just like the old mythical Ixion who was tied to one.

I once walked late one afternoon with a man who did not know that he could walk, from the Custom-House, down near the Battery, to the City College gymnasium, 138th Street, and what we did (at the rate of a mile in about twelve minutes) thousands are as able to do, though not perhaps at this pace when the streets are full.

And what a "preparedness" measure it would be if thousands of the young city men would march uptown every day after hours, in companies! The swinging stride of a companionless avenue walk, on the other hand, gives often much of the adventure that one has in carrying the ball in a football game.

Many times when I could not get out of the city for a vacation I have walked up Fifth Avenue at the end of the day and have half closed my eyes in order to see men and women as the blind man saw them when his eyes were first touched by the Master—see them as "trees walking."

But the longing of all at times, whether it be an atavistic or a cultivated longing, is for the real trees and all that goes with them. Immediately there open valleys with "pitcher" elms, so graceful that one thinks of the famous line from the Odyssey in which Ulysses says that once he saw a tree as beautiful as the most beautiful woman—valleys with elms, hill-tops with far-signaling poplars, mountains with pines, or prairies with their groves and orchards. About every city lies an environing charm, even if it have no trees, as, for example, Cheyenne, Wyoming, where, stopping for a few hours not long ago, I spent most of the time walking out to the encircling mesas that give view of both mountains and city. I have never found a city without its walkers' rewards. New York has its Palisade paths its Westchester hills and hollows, its "south shore" and "north shore," and its Staten Island (which I have often thought of as Atlantis, for once on a holiday I took Plato with me to spend an afternoon on its littoral, away from the noise of the city, and

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on my way home found that my Plato had stayed behind, and he never reappeared, though I searched car and boat). Chicago has its miles of lake shore walks; Albany, its Helderbergs; and San Francisco, its Golden Gate Road. And I recall with a pleasure which the war cannot take away a number of suburban European walks. One was across the Campagna from Frascati to Rome, when I saw an Easter week sun go down behind the Eternal City. Another was out to Fiesole from Florence and back again; another, out and up from where the Saone joins the Rhone at Lyons; another, from Montesquieu's château to Bordeaux; another, from Edinburgh out to Arthur's Seat and beyond; another, from Lausanne to Geneva, past Paderewski's villa, along the glistening lake with its background of Alps; and still another, from Eton (where I spent the night in a cubicle looking out on Windsor Castle) to London, starting at dawn. One cannot know the intimate charm of the urban penumbra who makes only shuttle journeys by motor or street cars.

These are near journeys, but there are times when they do not satisfy, when one must set out on a far journey, test one's will and endurance of body, or get away from the usual. Sometimes the long walk is the only medicine. Once when suffering from one of the few colds of my life (incurred in California) I walked from the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado down to the river and back (a distance of fourteen miles, with a descent of five thousand feet and a like ascent), and found myself entirely cured of the malady which had clung to me for days. My first fifty-mile walk years ago was begun in despair over a slow recovery from the sequelæ of diphtheria.

But most of these far walks have been taken just for the joy of walking in the free air. Among these have been journeys over Porto Rico (of two hundred miles), around Yellowstone Park (of about one hundred and fifty miles, making the same stations as the coaches), over portages along the waterways following the French explorers from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and in country roads visiting one-room schools in the State of New York and over the boundless prairie fields long ago.

But the walks which I most enjoy, in retrospect at any rate, are those taken at night. Then one makes one's own landscape with only the help of the moon or stars or the distant lights of a city, or with one's unaided imagination if the sky is filled with cloud.

The next better thing to the democracy of a road by day is the monarchy of a road by night, when one has one's own terrestrial way under guidance of a Providence that is nearer. It was in the "cool of the day" that the Almighty is pictured as walking in the garden, but I have most often met him on the road by night.

Several times I have walked down Staten Island and across New Jersey to Princeton "after dark," the destination being a particularly attractive feature of this walk. But I enjoy also the journeys that are made in strange places where one knows neither the way nor the destination, except from a map or the advice of signboard or kilometer posts (which one reads by the flame of a match, or, where that is wanting, sometimes by following the letters and figures on a post with one's fingers), or the information, usually inaccurate, of some other wayfarer. Most of these journeys have been made of a necessity that has prevented my making them by day, but I have in every case been grateful afterward for the necessity. In this country they have been usually among the mountains—the Green Mountains or the White Mountains or the Catskills. But of all my night faring, a night on the moors of Scotland is the most impressive and memorable, though without incident. No mountain landscape is to me more awesome than the moorlands by night, or more alluring than the moorlands by day when the heather is in bloom. Perhaps this is only the ancestors speaking again.

But something besides ancestry must account for the others. Indeed, in spite of it, I was drawn one night to Assisi, where St. Francis had lived. Late in the evening I started on to Foligno in order to take a train in to Rome for Easter morning. I followed a white road that wound around the hills, through silent clusters of cottages tightly shut up with only a slit of light visible now and then, meeting not a human being along the way save three somber figures accompanying an ox cart, a man at the head of the oxen and a man and a woman at the tail of the cart—a theme for Millet. (I asked in broken Italian how far it was to Foligno, and the answer was, "*Una hora*"—distance in time and not in miles.) Off in the night I could see the lights of Perugia, and some time after midnight I began to see the lights of Foligno—of Perugia and Foligno, where Raphael had wandered and painted. The adventure of it all was that when I reached Foligno I found that it was a walled town, that the gate was shut, and that I had neither passport nor intelligible speech. There is an interesting walking sequel to this journey. I carried that night a wooden water-bottle, such as the Italian soldiers used to carry, filling it from the fountain at the gate of Assisi before starting. Just a month later, under the same full moon, I was walking between midnight and morning in New Hampshire. I had the same water-bottle and stopped at a spring to fill it. When I turned the bottle upside down, a few drops of water from the fountain of Assisi fell into the New England spring, which for me, at any rate, has been forever sweetened by this association.

All my long night walks seem to me now as but preparation for one which I was obliged to make at the outbreak of the war in Europe. I had crossed the Channel from England to France, on the day that war was declared by England, to get a boy of ten years out of the war zone. I got as far by rail as a town between Arras and Amiens, where I expected to take a train on a branch road toward Dieppe; but late in the afternoon I was informed that the scheduled train had been canceled and that there might not be another for twenty-four hours, if then. Automobiles were not to be had even if I had been able to pay for one. So I set out at dusk on foot toward Dieppe, which was forty miles or more distant. The experiences of that night would in themselves make one willing to practice walking for years in order to be able to walk through such a night in whose dawn all Europe waked to war. There was the quiet, serious gathering of the soldiers at the place of rendezvous; there were the all-night preparations of the peasants along the way to meet the new conditions; there was the pelting storm from which I sought shelter in the niches for statues in the walls of an abandoned château; there was the clatter of the hurrying feet of soldiers or gendarmes who properly arrested the wanderer, searched him, took him to a guard-house, and detained him until certain that he was an American citizen and a friend of France, when he was let go on his way with a "*Bon voyage*;" there was the never-to-be-forgotten dawn upon the harvest fields in which only old men, women, and children were at work; there was the gathering of the peasants with commandeered horses and carts in the beautiful park on the water-front at Dieppe; and there was much besides; but they were experiences for the most part which only one on foot could have had.

And the moral of my whole story is that walking is not only a joy in itself, but that it gives an intimacy with the sacred things and the primal things of earth that are not revealed to those who rush by on wheels.

I have wished to organize just one more club—the "Holy Earth" club, with the purposes that Liberty Bailey has set forth in his book of the same title ("The Holy Earth"), but I should admit to membership in it (except for special reasons) only those who love to walk upon the earth.

Traveling afoot! This is the best posture in which to worship the God of the Out-of-Doors!

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TRAVELING ON HORSEBACK

BY CLEVELAND CADY FROST[1]

THE recent appropriation of the highways by motor vehicles, both pleasure and business, has so banished the horse that many people already regard him as a thing of the past. In cities he maintains a precarious position in a rapidly diminishing sphere of delivery work, and as a sporting proposition he is retained by high society; but the horse as a pleasant means of travel seems to have disappeared. There are, however, large and delightful parts of our country where the horse is still an integral member of ordinary life, where he is the only means of travel, either for business or pleasure. The Appalachian Mountains harbor many survivals of colonial times, among them the horse, in all his glory, as a faithful friend and necessary worker. The narrow, ill-kept roads and trails defy the invasion of motors, and I have ridden for a month without seeing any mechanical means of locomotion. Even buggies are a rarity; the rough lumber wagon serves for all hauling. One old lady, when offered the use of a carriage in which to drive to church, accepted reluctantly, saying, "Well, I reckon I will, only I'd feel a heap safeter on a nag."

The horse is indeed the only means of travel. The natives never *learn* to ride. That acquirement is inevitable, and comes before memory begins. A group of incredulous mountaineers watched with amazement a New Yorker's struggle to mount his horse, asking, in consternation, "Well, whur on earth d'ye reckon he's raised?" So necessary is the horse to their very existence that an old mother once complained of the law's severity in sending her son to the "pen" for manslaughter, contending, "Ye know, hit warn't like es though he'd stol'd a hoss!"

It is with considerable hesitation that a lover of these mountains and their people proclaims the quiet joys of horseback travel among them. They are a final sanctuary from pressing vacation crowds, and one may find the world well lost in the pleasures of leafy trails and loitering creeks. The most perfect summer of my life was spent with my mother on a trip from Madison County, Kentucky, to Avery County, North Carolina, coming back again alone. With my complete wardrobe compressed into saddle pockets, a stout and willing saddle horse under me, and no trains or baggage to worry about, I spent three glorious months in the woods, riding a thousand miles. In the course of that time my horse so forgot motors and trains that when, on rare occasions, our path was crossed by intruding rail or motor traffic he was really frightened at it, and I could scarcely blame him.

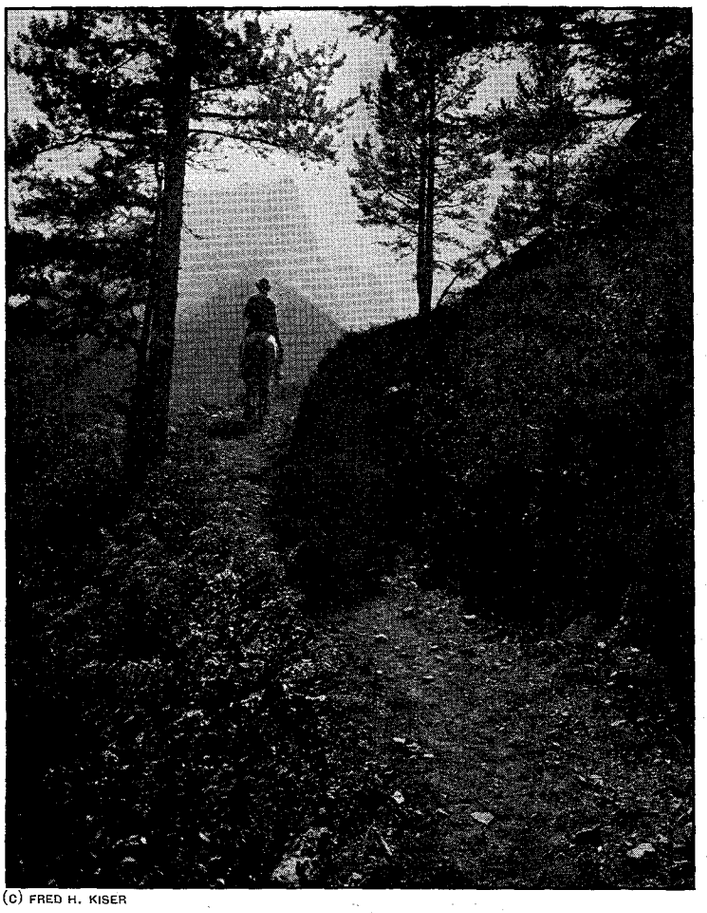
One day stands out as typical of them all. Early in the morning the complete oblivion of deep sleep was broken by my host's voice calling out:

"Ef ye're a-plannin' fer ter git them hosses shod in time fer ye ter ride a day's journey to-day, ye'd better be a-gittin' up, sonny."

He was right, for by the time all was ready for the road it was nine o'clock, which was very late.

Despite the promise of a clear sky the night before, gray clouds hang overhead as I ride out of town on Ben Gay, leading my mother's horse, Billy, by a halter strap. We ride through the famous gap which the Powell River cuts through Big Stone Mountain. For three miles a macadamized road leads beside the leaping river. At the other end of the gap is the town of Appalachia, but we leave that to our right, swinging off up Looney Creek. The "bench" road climbs up the bank, high above the creek bottom, and in the valley below are hundreds of cars awaiting shipment.

The coal in them was dug from the mines at Lyndon, a miserable mining town through which we pass. The miners' huts are crowded close between the road and the creek, and we hurry on to escape from the noisome place. The black tipples rattle and roar as car after car is filled with coal. The night shift mules loaf about the company stables. A group of idlers stare at us as we ride by the commissary. Above are the silent, green-covered mountains and a leaden sky.



(C) FRED H. KISER

THE HORSEMAN SEES THE COUNTRY IN THE IDEAL WAY

We pass a deserted sawmill, and the road degenerates into a narrow trail through the rhododendron. A misty rain drops down and enfolds us, as if to wash from our minds all recollection of the intruding mining camps. In the green-shaded quiet of the forest path nature reasserts her supremacy, and the other world of strident commercialism is happily forgotten in the peaceful beauties of the beckoning trail. After about half a mile we begin to ascend Big Black Mountain by the steep and rocky path which John Fox had in mind when he wrote "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." This is John Fox's country, and we can imagine ourselves meeting any of his characters as we continue to climb up and up, lifting from spur to spur of the mountain. I dismount and walk ahead, Ben Gay and Billy clambering up behind me, single file, snatching mouthfuls of tender leaves at every chance. The dripping leaves bedew us with a thousand twinkling diamonds as we brush through them. We are buried in the woods, and there is no view out to be had, even if the day were clear, without climbing a tree. I hear the sound of swishing leaves and branches ahead, and presently a barefoot man appears, asking if I had seen a stray cow and calf. I am unable to advise him, and so he turns back, and I see the ugly outline of an automatic in his hip pocket as he strides ahead. But soon he turns off down a side trail, and we are again alone on the mountain-side, wondering how near we had passed to a moonshine "still." At last we reach the top, and cross over into Kentucky, from Virginia, at a height of four thousand feet. There is no view even here, save when some wanton puff of wind twists back a curtain of mist from some green spur of the mountain. A few cleared fields, a dejected one-story cabin, with chubby children staring at us from the horse-block, and we start down on the "Kaintuk" side, slowly dropping from spur to spur. In a shady bend of the path there is the tinkle of falling water,

[1] The author has lived for many years in Berea, that well-known college town in the Kentucky mountains. He therefore writes, as readers of his entertaining article will soon discover, with first-hand knowledge of his subject.

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and I gratefully dismount to drink deep draughts of cold, clear water. One does not profane such a spring with a cup. The only way to do it justice is to kneel and drink directly from it, wetting the nose and chin.

At last the horses prick up their ears at the sound of a far-away steam whistle, and presently the trail hits an old logging road, which brings us into Benham, a small mining town. It is three o'clock by the time we get there, and we stop only long enough for the horses to eat. Then on down the broadening valley of Little Looney to the Poorfork of the Cumberland River. The road wanders in and out of and along the creek, and at the river we find deep water, but have no difficulty in crossing. We are joined by a round-faced infant riding home with a sack of corn which he has had ground at the grist-mill. He sits his nag jauntily, the balanced sack of meal making a perfectly good enough saddle for him. As he leaves me, going on down the river road, he calls back, "Better come on down an' stop the night with we-uns. We'd be powerful glad fer ter hev ye."

Regretfully refusing his hospitality, we turn up the rough wagon road which clambers over Pine Mountain through the wind-riven Hurricane Gap. Pine Mountain is a narrow ridge which parallels Big Black, dividing the Cumberland and Kentucky River systems. Coming up out of Tennessee, it runs for a hundred and fifty miles in a straight line from Pineville to the Breaks of the Sandy, without a water gap. From its northern slope are sprung the three forks of the Kentucky River.

By the time we reach the other side it is just about "candle-lightin' time," and we despair of spending the night with friends at the settlement school. The road dwindles to a trail again, the moon which might have encouraged us is hidden behind sullen clouds, and all of us are tired. At the first house my call is answered by lusty barkings, and after a bit a gaunt man, holding in his hand a flaring oil lamp with no chimney, appears in the doorway. The flame lights up a grizzled, furrowed face crowned with tousled hair. Two small children cling to his trousers and blink intently at us.

"Begone, thar!" he yells at the snarling dog, and then to me: "Hellow, stranger, whut d'ye want? (Ahhh, Shep!!!) Well, now, sonny, I'm right sorry, but I hain't got me no dry feed fer the hosses. Yes, sir, corn's es skeerce es hens' teeth in these parts. Ye see, las' year the crops was light, an' we ain't got us in no new corn yit. Yes, sir, ye're right. Hit wouldn' do fer ter feed them thar travelin' hosses on green corn. Mought colic 'em, an', enyway, hit ain't good fer 'em. Now Greene Lewis, 'bout a mile, mebbe a leetle bit the rise o' thet, mebbe a mile an' a half, on down the creek, he's got him some ole corn. Yes, sir, I'm powerful sorry I hain't fixed so's ter keep yer. Don't never like fer ter turn nobuddy off. Say, stranger, whut did ye say your name was?"

The horses wearily take the trail again, padding softly through the deepening darkness, which seems to accentuate the regular creaking of the saddle leather and the slight jangle of the bits. On our left the high level line of old Pine cuts a dim horizon against the sky, although this is presently to be felt rather than seen through the misty evening. By the time we reach Greene Lewis's we decide that it is "mebbe a leetle bit the rise o'" even a mile and a half. The man of the house agrees to take us in, and sends out a small barefoot lad with a lantern to guide us to the barn, which is on the other side of the creek. The ford is rather rough, and the boy stands on the foot-log directing us, his swinging lantern sending huge shadows rocking across the trees and glinting over the dark waters of the creek.

"Min' thet big rock thar," he calls out. "Las' year a peddler he stopped wi' us, an' mighty nigh bruk his nag's leg over hit, yes, sir."

The barn is of logs, with low doors hung on wooden hinges. I put the saddles up out of danger from the pigs, who complainingly make way for us, and rub down the tired horses. Then the man appears with a basket of the precious corn on his arm.

"Hit's powerful skeerce, this corn. I hauled this here ten mile, an' paid a dollar an' fifty cent a bushel fer hit."

A tired-faced woman is bending over the stove as we enter the kitchen, and, despite my protests, continues to get some hot supper for me. Fried eggs, "white sow-belly" (salt pork), green beans, fried apples, corn pone, buttermilk (and its pale by-product, butter), and coffee are set before me. I look for the sugar, and ask for it. The woman flushes quickly, but answers, with no apology:

"We hain't got none. Use some honey. Hit's the bes' sweetenin' in the worl'."

And so I found it.

There is nothing exciting in all this, although one is constantly running across bits of romance and tragedy in the lives of these pleasant people. Your courteous host at dinner may tell you that the Governor has just pardoned him out of the "pen" for the killing of his uncle; or you may hear later that the pretty girl you admired in the dusty county seat has since made a Romeo and Juliet match (minus the tragedy) with a son of her family's feudal enemies.

This refuge of chivalrous romance, where the laws of hospitality have not been abused out of existence, this land as yet unpenetrated by the motor or the tourist, is open to those who like that sort of thing. Real lovers of the horse may still find this delightful country into which he alone can take them.

TOURING BY AIRPLANE

BY RUTH LAW

Miss Ruth Law holds the American record for non-stop long-distance flight, made last November on her trip from Chicago to New York, when she flew five hundred and ninety miles before alighting for fuel. She also holds the world's record for women aviators, and is considered the leading woman flier of the world.—THE EDITORS.

ONE hundred miles an hour, ten thousand feet up, with the world unfolding beneath you like a moving picture—that is the way to tour!

I have tried every kind of touring there is, I think. From the fastest trains, with their paltry sixty miles an hour, their constant sway from side to side, and the ever-present danger of accident, to the jumping, jolting motor car, with its seventy or eighty miles an hour on the short straight stretches and the accompanying dread of blow-out or other smash—I have tried them all. On water I have tried everything from the big fast yacht to the plunging motor boat. I know them all, and none can compare with the airplane or hydro-airplane.

Think what it means to know that you can ramble all over the sky! No roads, no traffic laws, no sudden turns with a smash just around the corner, nothing in your way to the end of the world.

But it was a long time before I appreciated this. I flew for years before I felt the call of the cross-country flight—the longing to see new lands, to feel the earth slipping by, and to enjoy the delightfully peaceful sensation of touring in the air.

I remember what a wonderful thing it was just to fly, in the beginning—that is, when I first learned. The novelty of it did not wear off for a long time—I might say, for years. Even now when I have been on the ground for a time I take to the air again with all the joy of my first flights. I guess flying never gets old. After you've had to dodge taxis and street cars and people in a hurry, it is like getting back home to cut loose in the air, with all the room and space you want.

I shall never forget the first time I flew. I went up with my instructor, of course. He had told me what I ought to do, or rather what I ought not do. What I must not do was the chief thing he talked about. There seemed just about a thousand things that I must not do; all he wanted me to do was sit still. I

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asked what would happen if I broke any of the rules he laid down, and he smiled.

"We'll both be in the newspapers to-morrow," he said, in his quiet way, "and the day after they'll be sending flowers."

I always remember that "sending flowers" expression, and whenever I feel like doing some fool stunt I can smell the flowers, and I change my mind.

That first time I flew left an impression that has never been effaced. They strapped me in after telling me where to hold on and reminding me to do so several times. I did not know until afterward that the holding on was mostly to make sure that I would not get panicky and grab one of the controls, or something of that sort. As soon as I was ready, and I hesitated a little when I said I was, the pilot climbed aboard and one of the mechanics started the motor. I can see him spin the propeller yet. The motor gave a jump and was off, and then came that peculiar feeling that seems to be located in the pit of your stomach. The whole machine seemed to vibrate, and for a moment I thought I was going to be sick.

Only a moment, for a second later the pilot called out, "Let her go!" and we began to run along the ground. Before I fully realized it the jolting ceased, and then, to my surprise, I began to see the ground fall away from beneath us. The vibration stopped, and suddenly the wind began to blow. The ground fell away farther, and then came the realization that I was flying. I was absolutely awestruck. I looked at the pilot, expecting to see him wild-eyed and excited. Instead, he seemed quite cool about it—just as though nothing were happening. It struck me as very extraordinary that any one could take this wonderful new sensation so calmly. It was not for some time that I was able to reach the mental attitude of calm contemplation that is habitual to the veteran pilot.

When we came down from that first flight—and we landed without any trouble except the few jolts from the uneven field—I stepped out of the machine feeling that at last I had found the real thing. To walk like the ordinary people about the exhibition grounds seemed the most piffling thing in the world. I had flown, I had lived! They seemed little better than earthworms.

That first flight decided everything for me. Right there I made arrangements for lessons, and it was not long before they let me fly by myself. The first time I went up alone was another great day. I came down feeling that the airplane was a part of me, and whatever fear I might have had died on that flight. Still, I did not forget the flowers.

One of the first things they told me, and I soon found out that it was so, was that I had the "touch," or the ability to feel the airplane. You know, I have always flown with what they call the "stick control." That means that you manage your machine very much by hand. Each hand is in direct connection with an aileron; the least movement of the control means a change in the movement of the airplane. This is the most intimate control there is, and the most delicate. Heavy hands are a drawback when you use the "stick control." If you move the control a fraction too far, your machine may swerve too quickly or too far, and a smash follows. But I had the hands, and had no difficulty. They told me that it was because I was a woman. That is not entirely so; there are lots of men who have the delicate touch, but most of them prefer the stiffer controls that do not require such careful handling and such constant care.

As soon as I felt that I could really fly, and that I had learned all the things that an aviator must not do, I took up exhibition work. I went slowly at first. In those days most of the exhibition aviators did what are very ordinary things now, but then it was considered wonderful to fly at all. Gradually I came to "stunt flying," and then I found that the "touch" was invaluable. The easy swoop of the loop-the-loop looks like a mere bagatelle from below, but it is rather a nerve-racking thing when you do it for the first time. However, I soon became accustomed even to that supreme test, which led naturally to flying upside down.

Doing "stunts" in the air is very much like that first dive when you start bathing in the summer. It takes your breath away, and you are a little surprised when you come up and find that you are all right. However, after the first shock you go ahead, and the "stunts" soon get to be second nature.

RUTH LAW RETURNING HOME AFTER HER RECENT TRIP TO FRANCE

During the first two or three years that I flew I used to go up and trail around in the air over the exhibition grounds. I seldom flew more than a mile or two in a straight line, although I went up ten or twelve thousand feet. The people wanted to see me, and I did not dare to fly away. Time and time again, however, I had the impulse to turn loose and go somewhere. There always seemed to be a wonderland beckoning over yonder, and gradually I began to know that some day I would give in and go out and find that land. I knew I would do it sooner or later, but I attended strictly to business for some time before I gave in.

Then came Victor Carlstrom's flight from Chicago to New York. For weeks before there were stories in the newspapers about his proposed flight. They told about his great airplane, with its 200-horsepower motor built especially for the trip. Aviation experts prophesied that he would make a world's record for time and distance, and I believed that he would. While this was going on I began to find myself thinking that if he could do it so could I, and this soon became an obsession with me.

Then came the day of his flight. I watched the bulletins all day long, and when he came down in Erie, after making the new American distance record of 452 miles, I knew that I was going to make a try at beating him. I just knew that I had to fly from Chicago to New York, and I began making preparation for the flight. The fact that I might break his record did not excite me as much as the thought that I would fly for miles and miles over country that I had never seen before. I made but a few simple preparations for the flight. Like Carlstrom, I flew by map and compass, but, unlike him, I used my three-year-old exhibition machine, which gave me no protection from the wind and cold.

I had never flown more than twenty-five miles before—in fact, I do not think that I had flown that much. When I arrived in Chicago and told them that I was going to fly to New York, they were very nice to me, but I could see that none of them believed I would get very far. Before going out there I made arrangements with the Aero Club of America, so that my flight would be official. Even at the Aero Club I do not think they took my attempt very seriously.

You see, I only had my little old machine. I tried to get

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Glenn H. Curtiss to build me one like the one Carlstrom had used, but he was too busy filling war orders, and could not bother with me. My machine was probably the worst possible type for comfortable cross-country flying—the worst kind of machine to tour in. It had only a twenty-eight-foot wing spread, with a 100-horse-power motor, and the propeller was behind; it is what we call a "pusher" type airplane. I had to sit right out in front and was absolutely unprotected. Right here let me tell you that this is the coldest machine in the world. With the motor in front you get lots of warmth when it is heated up and you do not care for the wind from the propeller. In fact, you can get down in the cockpit and be practically covered.

I made this flight on November 19 and 20, and it was pretty cool weather, too. On the morning that I started I ate a light breakfast and then put on my flying suits. First I wore a woolen suit, then another woolen suit, and over these two leather flying suits. I also took along a skirt, for which I was very thankful. Women fliers ought to remember that a skirt is a fine thing to have along, and it does not take up much room. I did not like the idea of coming down in a strange town, among a lot of strange people, without a skirt.

I was fully equipped for touring when I started. I had a compass, a barograph, an aneroid, a clock, and a speedometer. In addition I had a map bound round my arm. From Grant Park I flew over Chicago, only about two hundred feet up, and had my first look at that city from above. This was the first thrill of the trip. I suppose there is nothing more interesting than a great city when you see it as I saw Chicago. After about twenty-five miles I turned toward Cleveland. I made about three thousand feet, and soon noticed that I was traveling at about one hundred miles an hour. Then came the long stretches of country, dotted here and there with small towns, and every now and then I would see a railway. It was all new and very wonderful. I passed over several trains that seemed to be crawling along like worms—I suppose they were really going quite fast, but to me they seemed poky and slow.

Then Cleveland loomed up. I could tell it first by the smoke, which outlined itself against the blue sky like a huge vague pillar. My motor was working beautifully, and I had not a moment's worry over my machine. Over Cleveland I flew, at about six thousand feet, and then broke my course for Erie. Then came another stretch of beautiful country, and in a little while I picked out Erie and headed straight toward it. Sooner than you could guess I was over and passed Erie, and I knew that I had broken Carlstrom's record and set a new American record for non-stop flight. This pleased me and cheered me up, but I soon forgot this in the delight it gave me to fly over all that new country. There is no getting away from it, air touring is awfully fascinating.

Erie was my last big city for that day, and from there I headed for Olean. About this time I began to get hungry. In my little old machine I had no place to carry food, and I began to realize that this was a fatal omission. You cannot imagine how hungry you can get away up in the air, with the keen, cold wind cutting like a knife. The next time I go touring I am going to take food along, and I am going to have a machine in which I can eat with comfort. That is another point for the air tourist.

About this time I began to realize that my gas must be getting low, and that I ought to be sighting Hornell. I found that I was right in my calculation. I reached that place with my gasoline all gone, and had to glide without power for nearly two miles to make it. As I came down I picked out a field to land in, and succeeded in getting down without any trouble. Every one was nice and helpful to me in Hornell, and I soon had another supply of fuel, with which I reached Binghamton, where I was forced to stop because it was too late to go on. Next morning I reached Governor's Island without trouble, after a wonderful flight. By that I mean that the things I saw were wonderful. The Hudson River, flowing like a great streak of silver beneath me, was a sight worth the entire trip. Then when I came down through the fog and smoke over New York it gave me another sensation. I cannot describe it—no one can. The only way to understand it is to do it yourself.

I was cold when I landed at Governor's Island, but I did not mind it in the least. I had seen nearly nine hundred miles of the great United States of America from above, and I was thrilled through and through. I, a woman, had seen more of this country in less time than any other person in the world! I had looked at it from the same point of view as an eagle, and had admired it, understood it, and gloried in it!

While I am writing about air touring I am going to tell what I learned. Before doing so I am going to make the prediction that what I have done will soon be a matter-of-fact, every-day affair. You are going to be able to fly from New York to Philadelphia, to Boston, to Washington, and to Chicago, in exactly the same way as you go to those places by railway train. You are going to be able to take breakfast in New York and dinner in Chicago. In addition to passenger-carrying, the fast mails will fly, reaching their destination in half the time it now takes.

Before these things can be accomplished there will have to be some great constructive work. The airplane and aviators are here now. Flying is in the same stage as motoring was ten years ago. There were cars, many of them quite good, but there were no accommodations for them. If you needed gasoline or had a breakdown a few miles out of town, you were stranded. You had to "get a horse," as the expression was.

Well, flying is in the "get a horse" stage. There are no accommodations for airplanes. The air touring that is beginning will show the need for these, and they will come. In Europe, where the war has given a great impetus to flying, there are many places where an aviator can alight and make small repairs or replenish his gas and oil. We must have such stations here. The Lincoln Airway, recently proposed, which is to be the great air route from coast to coast, must have first-aid airplane stations every four or five hundred miles. Then an air tourist will be able to leave New York or San Francisco and journey by easy and pleasant stages to the other coast. There will be large level fields at these stations, where landing and starting will be safe and easy. There will also be hangars, hotel accommodations, and shops where repairs may be rapidly made. All this will come, and come soon. Air touring is here to stay, and with it will come air regulations. There will be air ordinances, and the pilot who breaks them will lose his license just as does the careless chauffeur now.

Other things must be taken into consideration. Cities will find it necessary to include airplane stations in their plans. No modern city will be complete that does not provide for the air tourists. The great cities of to-day, like New York, Chicago, Boston, and others, will have to make provision for the fliers, who will soon become numerous enough to demand proper accommodations.

Many people do not realize that air touring is the basis for successful military aerial preparedness. The military fliers must be cross-country fliers, and the sooner a large class of these is developed in this country the better for the United States. Bombing raids, observation work, and despatch-carrying are all done by men who in times of peace would naturally be air tourists. Last year a dozen aviators flew from Mineola, Long Island, to Princeton, New Jersey, and there were other flights of a similar kind. This year I expect to see ten such where there was one last year. We must come to it. The United States must lead, and the sooner air touring becomes a habit the better for all of us.

Of course I am not going to say that every one can fly. There are those who will never fly, just as there are those who will never drive a motor car. But there are thousands of men and women in this country who ought to fly, and fly well. The modern airplane, handled with care and with a proper dislike for "flowers," is as safe a method of transportation as any yet evolved.

But, apart from all other considerations, and above them all, is the pleasure of flying, which is never really enjoyed until the aviator starts across country. All the "stunts" and trick flying you can do will never give the downright joy and thrill of touring—with the horizon of new wonders just ahead and all the world slipping by beneath you.

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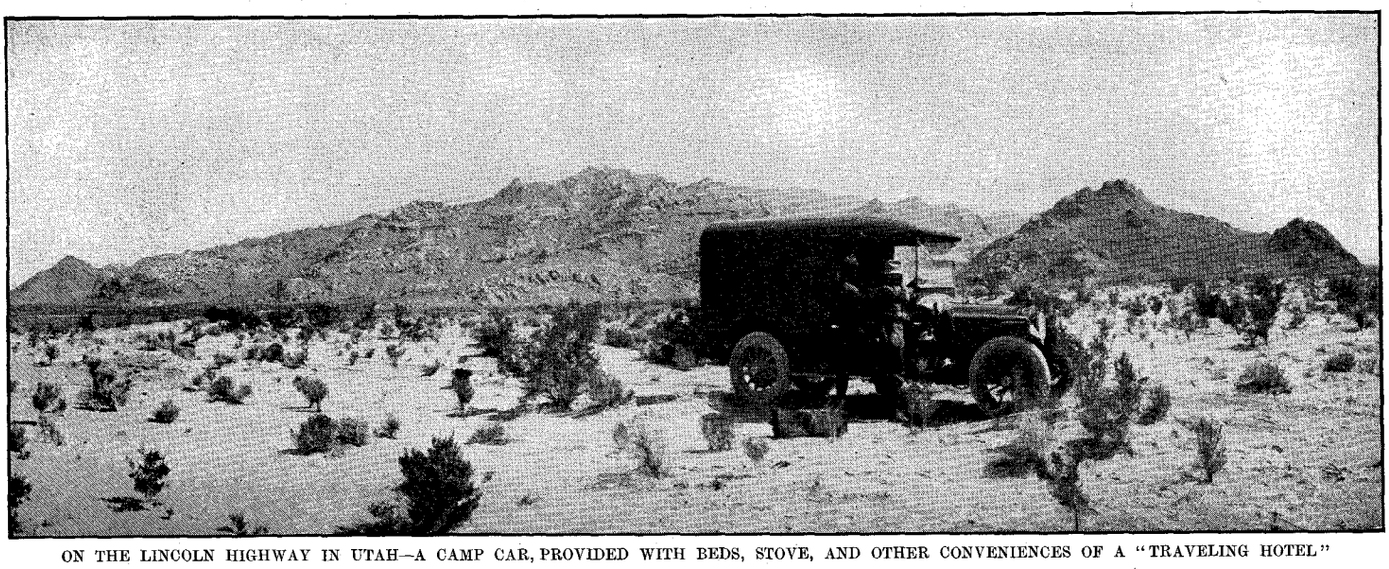

ON THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY IN UTAH—A CAMP CAR, PROVIDED WITH BEDS, STOVE, AND OTHER CONVENIENCES OF A "TRAVELING HOTEL"

THE TRAVELER AND THE AUTOMOBILE

BY HENRY B. JOY

PRESIDENT OF THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY ASSOCIATION

Missoula, Montana, March 5, 1917.

The Lincoln Highway Association,
Detroit, Michigan:

Gentlemen—I am planning on visiting some friends and relatives in Hartford, Connecticut, this summer and am wondering if it is feasible to make the trip by motor car. I want to make this trip an outing, stopping at the Yellowstone, then making stops in Denver, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago, and getting to Hartford via Niagara Falls.

If you can give me any information in regard to the condition of the road, what time of year it is best to make the trip, how long it would take and what the expense would be, and whether such a trip is feasible with my wife and two children, I would greatly appreciate it. Also any maps.

I drive a —— [light five-passenger touring car, costing under one thousand dollars].

Very truly yours,

THE letter reproduced above is typical of thousands received weekly by the Lincoln Highway Association and other road organizations in every part of the country from points representing every State in the Union. In wording it is almost identical with those thousands of letters which are written to every touring organization in the United States at this time of the year.

The letter is significant, in addition to being typical.

At this time of the year tens of thousands of people are planning trips, North, South, East, and West, to and from every part of our vast domain, and their first thought is, "Can the trip be made by motor? Is it possible, even if likely to be uncomfortable?"

If the trip they propose offers the least possibility of successful completion, they will start it, and in nine cases out of ten finish it even under the tremendous difficulties which are now presented to the American endeavoring to "See America" by traveling about America free from the shackles of railway timetables and the restricting frame of the parlor car window.

The point is that the average American in the year 1917 when planning a trip thinks first of his motor car as a means of locomotion. If motor transportation is out of the question, due to road conditions, he turns to the railway or steamship lines; but the motor first. Why?

Careful statisticians estimate that there are in use in this country this year 4,000,000 self-propelled pleasure vehicles.

A fair estimate from reliable data.

One motor car to approximately every twenty-five inhabitants of the United States, considering babes in arms, women, children, and aliens. From this it is fair to presume, and personal observation in our own localities will seem to bear out the assumption, that in many sections of the United States every man who can afford the initial investment in an automobile and its subsequent maintenance owns one. A significant fact.

The average American of to-day, then, is a motorist. It naturally follows that your average American to-day is interested in roads—very much interested. Good roads interest him a lot more than the tariff or the Panama Canal or the purchase of the Danish West Indies or the views of the Inter-State Commerce Commission or the Rivers and Harbors Bill or the need for a new post-office.

Good roads are a live issue in this country to-day—one of the livest issues we have, and one of the most important to the average American. They have a personal interest. The motor car has lifted them out of the realm of abstractions. They have become a concrete matter—the pun is unintentional. The average American, then, be he farmer, broker, manufacturer, grocer—metropolitan, suburban, or rural—is looking with a personal interest at the question of American road improvement.

Interest in local roads is not so recent, but one of the most encouraging things to those who are working towards more efficient road construction in this country is the constantly broadening view-point being taken in regard to the road situation. The new view-point is not a local one—it is not provincial. The new interest is in National good roads—interest everywhere in good roads everywhere.

Local good roads have long been a matter of absorbing interest. We have all of us been anxious to see the road past our farm, ranch, or suburban home improved, and have worked towards its improvement and have been willing to be taxed and to spend money for its improvement. Now, however, our view-point has widened. The local selfish interest in the roads of our own township and county is becoming submerged in a greater interest in the roads of the Nation.

In the past there has been, if anything, too great an interest in local roads. We have each been too interested in securing the improvement of the little stretch which we personally traversed for business or pleasure. This is accountable for the very great proportion of waste in our road funds, for it has resulted in the splitting up of the available funds in each county, township, and State, and in the scattering of the effect of the available money in the construction of little disconnected pieces of road, placed where the political or other influences in each locality were the strongest, and without regard to any through connecting system of benefit to the commonwealth or the Nation.

As I have said, our view-point is gradually broadening; it is an encouraging sign. Gradually the road question has "evoluted" from a township consideration to a county consideration, to a

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State consideration, and is now becoming a Federal consideration—a question for National co-operation—a problem which legitimately commands the attention of Congress and the use of Federal funds.

Of course a certain amount of the growing interest in National highways, in through connecting main arterial routes of travel to be linked up into a National system of highways, can be attributed to educational effort, to that gradual but sure advance of public opinion in regard to any obviously necessary improvements essential to the progress of the country; but the change in public sentiment has been undoubtedly accelerated to a tremendous extent by the automobile, the increasing use of which has, to my mind, unquestionably advanced the progress of proper road improvement in this country by fifty years.

The man in New York is no longer satisfied if the roads of New York State are perfect. The man in Delaware is not content merely because approximately one hundred per cent of Delaware's roads are now actually highly improved.

We can all remember the time when we would have felt a pleasing glow of satisfaction if the roads of our own particular county were thoroughly improved. Now the man in New York, the man in Delaware—all of us—have become interested in the roads of Nevada, of Iowa, of Wyoming, of Kansas, and of Florida; in fact, the roads of every State which lie between us and any possible destination, and our possible destinations are constantly becoming more distant.

The automobile has brought it about. More and more people are constantly planning long-distance tours. Your modern motor-car owner, whether he drives the most expensive or the least expensive car, is no longer satisfied to restrict his use of it to the city pavements of his home or to the familiar routes of his native county or State.

The pioneer instinct seems to be in all of us. Americans are the greatest travelers in the world. Those who can afford it seek every section of the globe for new sights, experiences, and pleasures.

The farther removed our object, the more attractive it appears, which accounts for the tens of thousands of us who before the war annually visited the historic and scenic sights of the Old World to such an extent that "See America First" became the slogan of the hour, and every endeavor was put forth by our press to convince Americans that there were things in their own country to be seen as interesting, as beautiful, and as sublime as anything offered in the most out-of-the-way corner of the world.

The motor car has made it possible for this universal longing of the American people to travel to be more widely indulged. It has brought about a broadening influence in every field of American thought. The American motor-car owner plans as long a trip as his time and money will allow and as road conditions make feasible, with the result that there is now going on a tremendous flow and counterflow of travel in every State in the Union.

We are becoming more cosmopolitan. I have stopped at night at lonely ranches far out on America's vast Western desert at points in Utah and Nevada, and found them crowded with motor tourists from almost as many different States as there were motor cars. It is becoming a common sight in cities along the Lincoln Highway and our other main routes of travel to see the license tags of a dozen or twenty different States in a day—Americans out to "See America First."

As more and more motorists have extended their trips, have endeavored to reach distant points, to see the scenic beauties of our native land, the demand for better road conditions, the interest in through highways, in a National system which will allow of unrestricted travel in any direction from any point, grows—becomes yearly more insistent.

No longer can any State sit back in its mud and complacently announce that the condition of its roads satisfies its inhabitants who are paying for them, and that its own people are the best judge of their local necessity. The people of the country are knocking at the door of every State in the Union.

State boundary lines are being eradicated as fast as the mud barriers which have kept our people at home are being eliminated. It is becoming of greater interest to the people of the crowded East that the trans-State road in Nebraska, Wyoming, and Nevada be improved than it possibly is to the inhabitants of these States themselves.

States of sparse population and meager funds cannot through our present system construct highways which will offer acceptable links in a National system for the passage of the constant multitudes from other States who wish to traverse them.

We are beginning to realize this obvious fact.

We are beginning to see that a road is no better than its poorest mile, and that if populous and wealthy States improve to the highest extent their own systems they are not through, but must combine and by a united effort aid those States which cannot properly construct their own systems, so that the crowded population of the more wealthy States may not find in their path barriers which are the result of local poverty.

While the inefficient methods we have followed in the construction of our present roads have provided this country with a dot-and-dash system of roads—good here and bad there, boulevards now and impassable swamps next week—we are, through National co-operation, on certain routes providing the means of through transportation.

It is all the result of a change in public sentiment. It is possible now for a man to leave New York City and drive to San Francisco or Los Angeles or Seattle. It is possible to leave St. Paul and drive to Detroit, or St. Louis and drive to Denver. But while these things are possible and while thousands and tens of thousands are doing it, it is not yet thoroughly comfortable nor thoroughly enjoyable, except to those who seek a rough outing.

Our present long-distance tourists are the pioneers, those who are willing to put up with trouble, disagreeable situations of all kinds, and mediocre accommodations for the pleasure which they get from the out-of-door life and the scenic and historic spots they visit.

Our long-distance tourists now undoubtedly number tens of thousands.

They are touring despite our road conditions, despite our accommodations, rather than because of them.

They are but a handful to the hundreds of thousands who would yearly circulate about the country, seeing, enjoying, and spending in every locality, were our roads and our accommodations an invitation, an attraction, instead of being necessary evils incidental to any lengthy drive.

A few figures may be interesting as showing the extent to which Americans are now following the long trail. The figures with which I am most familiar are those compiled along the Lincoln Highway, upon which the increase in through traffic has been between five and six hundred per cent in three years. We find that between five and ten thousand motorists drove on the Lincoln Highway from points east of the Mississippi River to the Pacific Coast, or from the Pacific Coast to the East, during 1916. Thousands more made use of long sections of that route in driving from Eastern or Western points to Middle Western points, or *vice versa*. Our headquarters are flooded with inquiries in regard to road conditions in every part of the country. People write from towns of which one has never heard—towns so small that it is difficult to locate them on the map—and state that they propose a trip which may range from five hundred to five thousand miles. They desire information as to road conditions, the route to follow, the type of accommodations encountered, etc.

As I have said, these people are adventurers, for when a man starts out to drive about this country he must go prepared to put up with every hardship incidental to climatic and weather conditions and their resultant effect upon our two million miles of roads and trails and accommodations which, to say the least, are not attractive.

The five thousand and odd motorists who traversed the major portion of the Lincoln Highway in 1916 are but the vanguard of the tremendous army of Easterners who will seek the beauty spots of our great West when our main transcontinental route of travel is improved in its entirety to the standard which now prevails east of Chicago. They are but a handful compared with the thousands who should and could go at small expense a like distance in any direction over a road system which, built by the American people as a whole, would give the real America to those who long to see and enjoy.

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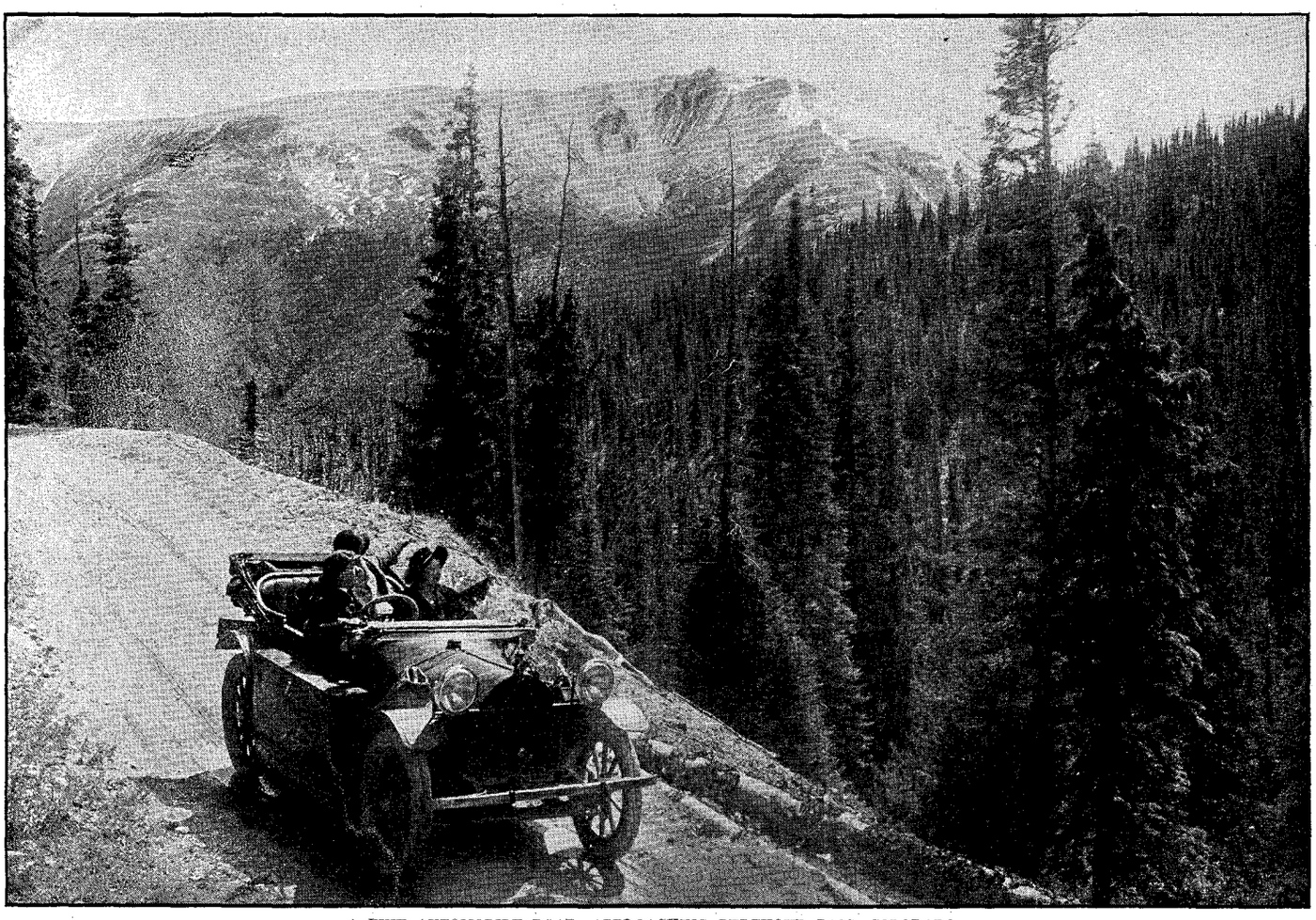

A FINE AUTOMOBILE ROAD—APPROACHING BERTHOUD PASS, COLORADO

There are deserted beauty spots in our great West beside which many of the world-famed scenes of Europe pale into insignificance, and which, were they located in France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, or England, where efficiency extends even to the utmost utilizations of historic interest and scenic charm, would have been capitalized long since and made the Mecca of the continent through proper exploitation and the improvement of every possible means of approach.

How many Americans have tarried on the shores of that superb masterpiece of nature's handiwork which graces the borderland between Nevada and California—Lake Tahoe? The present traveler feels cheated of past pleasures when, through accident or design, he first discovers this superb spot. He wonders why he has never before camped amid the towering pines and snow-capped mountain peaks which are mirrored on the Neapolitan blue of the lake's surface. Such a spot as this could be made the St. Moritz of America, a winter as well as a summer resort for thousands from every corner of the land, where now the comparatively few Easterners who brave the possible hardships of a transcontinental drive and the native Californians from the near-by cities seem lost in the solitude of the spot, and the vast and beautiful hotels which grace the shores of the mountain lake present at most seasons a forlorn and deserted appearance.

How many Americans have seen the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, that magnificent spectacle beside which all European wonders fade? A lamentable few. The spot is isolated and can be reached only by a long, and to some disagreeable, railway journey. The man who attempts to drive to the Grand Canyon must in a measure break his own trails and take his chances of arriving at a spot which should be the center of a series of magnificent radiating boulevards, connecting with a system of roads reaching to every corner of the Nation.

How many Americans have witnessed the fading light of a crimson sunset across the Great American Desert, or camped in the high solitudes of the Wyomiug Rockies, or whipped the lonely trout streams of Colorado, or driven on those comparatively isolated superb roads which the Government has constructed through the Yellowstone, or seen the Bad Lands of South Dakota through the morning mist, or inspected the wonders of our far northern Glacier National Park?

An inestimable proportion of one per cent.

These things cannot be seen from the windows of a train. They cannot be reached without an outlay of time and money far beyond the possibilities of the average man, and without hardships and discouragements with which the average man will not contend, and to which few men will subject their families.

There are barriers between the bulk of our population and our native wonders, the outdoor play spots of our great West and Middle West, which should be within the reach of every American—barriers of mud and alkali and sand more formidable than the two thousand miles of cold water which divide our population from the inferior but more widely heralded beauty spots of Europe, to which before the war our health and pleasure seekers have swarmed, and to which they will again swarm when the door to Europe again swings open at the close of hostilities.

The roads and the scenic and historic interest of Europe are not the only magnets which have attracted our population and our wealth. No matter where you drive in Switzerland, England, France, or Italy, you can depend, not only upon efficient highways, but always upon a comfortable inn, a clean bed, and a palatable cuisine—things which the American traveler for health, recreation, and pleasure has long since learned, to his regret, are only too rare in many sections of the United States.

Many a time I have slept in a mud puddle and fried my bacon on a sagebrush fire rather than take advantage of the accommodations offered in some of the Middle West and Western towns on our main routes of travel, and I am not particularly squeamish. What, then, of the tourist who with his wife and children endeavors to travel in comfort this broad land of ours?

But, with the increase in traffic on our main routes, the pioneers who are breaking the trails and showing the way for the thousands who are to follow are gradually bringing about

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improved conditions in the accommodations offered. Traffic has increased over five hundred per cent on the Lincoln Highway in four years, and our most careful figures show an expenditure of $5,406,000 for new hotels and improvement of existing accommodations on that route alone during the 1916 season. This is going on along all of our main routes of travel.

Educational work is having its effect; development is coming. A quickening—an awakening—a National revival which means a bigger, better, more prosperous, and more agreeable America. Appreciation of America's needs for efficient highways and all their attendant improvements is being forced into the consciousness of the American public. Sight-seeing and pleasure-touring are but one phase of a situation which is becoming a live question of public concern, and bringing about a new stage in our National evolution.

One of the largest and most successful manufacturers in the United States wrote me not a week ago that his salesmen, comprising a Nation-wide organization, were endeavoring to cover their territories more efficiently by motor car, but were running into almost insurmountable difficulties in almost every section of the country, owing to the road conditions. He wanted to know what he could do to aid towards an efficient National highway system.

He is one of many who are beginning to appreciate the tremendous possibilities which will be open to our commerce with the opening of our roads.

Arguments in favor of good roads are not necessary. Arguments in favor of efficiency in our road expenditures are most necessary, and it is only through constant hammering that we can build up in this country a public sentiment strong enough and disinterested enough and patriotic enough and broad and public-spirited enough to assert itself and make itself felt in such a way that the question of roads will be taken out of the domain of politics and inefficient, wasteful local control, and placed where it properly should be—under a broad, comprehensive National plan, which is the only thing that will ever secure for the United States an efficient National road system of connecting highways.

MOTOR BOAT CRUISING

BY CASPAR WHITNEY

TO the man of leisure and wealth the power boat is what he cares to make it, as luxurious and as swift—ocean cruiser; forty-knot express; speedy, economical ferry; ubiquitous tender. With this man, however, we are not concerned here.

It is for the man of moderate means and exacting business that the boat has real appeal; to him for whom holidays are few and far between it is an actual boon. It brings him independence. It gives him longer vacations and more of them. Whereas once he must wait for his regular summer vacation, now he can make a vacation out of every week-end for six or maybe seven months of the year. He may go farther afield—far enough to grasp that true vacation which takes us out of the usual routine and environment long enough to digest the fruits of our pleasuring. Formerly perhaps his sailing was comprised in a Saturday afternoon race and some Sunday larking in immediate home waters; now one hundred miles are easily within his week-end scope even with the little twenty-four-foot gasoline-driven cruiser.

On the same run—in the same week-end in some favored sections—he may have the near-wilderness with its relaxing informality and tonic inspiration and the more conventional diversions of the hotel or house party.

What the automobile is doing for the travel-urged among the landlubbers, the power boat is doing for those with the lingering spell of the sea in their blood, and doing it with more comfort and more health and more downright sport.

And there is no especially-favored-nation clause among the clan of the power boat; it is open to any man of ordinary intelligence without elaborate preparation. That there is not needed the skill or the technical knowledge required for the handling of the sailboat, particularly in heavy weather, is in no sense to belittle its quality or possibilities; yet it is indeed this very simplicity of mechanism, open to the mastery of almost any man, together with its touring range and independence of wind and tide, which furnish the very good and sufficient reasons for the popularity of the motor boat in all its sizes and phases.

Certainly it is an unsurpassed first vacation aid to the busy man; and that is saying enough for it.

From the out-powered skiff costing a couple of hundred dollars to the twin-screw ninety-footer which not long ago voyaged from New York to Los Angeles through the Panama Canal, there is a wide choice of boats. Cruising yachts with gasoline engines are displacing many of the old commodious schooners and sloops, and even steam yachts; swift open launches of fifty feet or more length, representing several times as much money as the small cruisers, replace the train as means of transportation, or are used by the class of tourists that rush from port to port hotel at a single run. Express cruisers making sixteen to thirty-five miles an hour and costing up to any figure you care to pay carry the outing day party on spacious decks or supply them with cabins below.

It is simply a question of the time and money at your disposal.

I write not for those who can thus indulge themselves, but for the man of the small cruiser, the man of moderate means, whose one or two companions—perhaps his wife and youngster—comprise all there are of passengers and crew; such I seek to benefit by my own experience and the experience of the kindly disposed pilots I have encountered from time to time.

Thus I have in mind the small cruiser ranging from twenty-four to forty-five feet in length, and costing from $1,200 to $6,500; with raised deck or half-trunk roomy cabin forward which gives high freeboard and makes for a dry boat; run and handled from the steering-wheel—though I must add that the forty-five is the limit of the "one-man" boat, and too much for any one man without experience.

Between these the choice may be easily bewildering if you are heedless of the home-water conditions, and therefore without knowledge as to the boat best suited to them. It is not that the types vary to such an extent, but the purposes for which you wish the boat, and hence the conditions under which she will be used, may be the uncertain quantity, and the one likely to lead your selection astray unless you are guided by experience either of your own or of others who are trustworthy.

The boats, indeed, between these sizes vary little; for the greater part they are standardized and well designed and carefully constructed, so that you may be confident of getting your money's worth if you show any judgment in the choice of the type and size and builder. You may, of course, also have a boat made to your own designs if you have a hobby or two—and the money to father it.

More open boats than of any other type are built, and when equipped with collapsible canvas tops or awning these are used for short cruising by two to four fellows who know what they are about and do not mind a hard berth and close, very close, quarters for a few nights. I know of three such who cruised twenty-seven hundred miles in an open twenty-two-foot boat in one season; but this is for those only who are inured and skilled by experience, and whose love for the game is strong enough to ignore creature discomfort. While such daylight voyaging is possible to hardy experts, these open little boats cannot be called cruisers, but are quite adapted to river travel or other protected and well-known home waters.

The twenty-four-foot raised deck or cabin type is about the smallest one can dignify with the name of cruiser; and it is suited to those who go afloat in spirit such as the take a-camping, and

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who regard sleeping on the four seat-berths of the one cabin and cooking in the open and other necessary inconveniences as part of the holiday fun. Yet even this seaworthy little boat is surprisingly roomy; you can stow away the season's duffle of your party of four; and, if you have had any camping experience at all, you can cruise happily and even comfortably on almost any fair-weather water at an expense of about one dollar a day each. If you haven't the camping experience, you'll soon acquire it in a twenty-four-footer, or be put ashore.

From this size you ascend quickly to the landsman's point of view of real comfort; for not the least notable of the qualities of these "one-man" cruisers is the rapid addition to accommodations with slight increase in size. Indeed, the manufacturers have designed these practical small craft with forethought as admirable as skill. For instance, two more feet of length will give you a lavatory; another two feet will provide a built-in galley; and thus with four feet added length and a further cost of about $600 your boat is raised from a makeshift to a real cruiser.

But it is the thirty-two to thirty-five footers, costing from $3,000 to $4,000, according to engine, which represent the minimum of what I should call the cruiser *par excellence* for the man of moderate means; the smallest in which four, doing their own work, may voyage with a degree of comfort on approximately $1.50 a day apiece. In these the four berths are supplied by the seats in the one saloon, which is at once eating, sleeping, and social hall combined; there is a galley, with all its necessary culinary accompaniments, including ice-box; a lavatory; and, if you add a fixed awning, there is always the deck for *al fresco* dining and the best of the lounging and sleeping.

The forty-five-footer, which costs about $6,000, gives the luxury of a private stateroom, with two berths in addition to the four seat-berths of the main saloon. And yet another ten feet will provide for $9,000 as complete a twelve-knot cruising yacht as one should want under ordinary conditions of time, money, and opportunity for enjoying it. This has two staterooms aft, in addition to the four berths in the saloon and two forward for the crew.

It is not my purpose, however, to catalogue the power boats, but only to give a rough suggestion of what you can get for your money; and these figures are as subject to change as your own ideas when you come to talk business with your chosen designer or builder. You may add to your comfort by lessening your room, or you may sacrifice comfort for speed, or any one of several things, according to your notion, if it is a practicable one, and still keep within sight of the figure I have set; but you cannot get any craft for real cruising at less than the lowest cost I have stated, unless you build it yourself or have the run of some local yard. And if you have this kind of genius you should secure those helpful little books, the "Nine Motor Boats and How to Build Them;" otherwise, so long as you are sure you know what you want your boat for, you are safe in leaving the rest to any one of the builders of established reputation. But for your own joy and compensation your first boat should not be a disappointment; therefore take full toll of all wisdom that comes your way.

All these "one-man" raised-deck cruisers are designed with seaworthiness especially in mind, and, in fact, from the twenty-four to the forty-five, are being used for all kinds of summer cruising on most of the waters of this country inside the three-mile limit. Within these sizes you will be called on to decide between the V bottom and the round bottom. The V, of course, had its birth during the struggle to attain speed, and if speed is your paramount desire give this model preference. Naturally, too, it drives the easier, and has an advantage, therefore, where a higher-powered engine replaces a lower one in a hull not originally built for it. But for the small cruiser such as we are considering the round bottom appears to be the better thought of by experienced men, and, if no other reason were offered than the room it gives, that should be sufficient cause for the choice.

The kind of water on which you will run her, the use to which you will put her, the cost of operating her, are the things to keep in mind when making your purchase. And stay away from second-hand "bargains" unless you have an experienced eye at your elbow.

Your engine of course is the vital element of the boat; nor is speed the only desideratum. You should have the quality which insures economical operating cost with smooth running. Therefore it is ill advised to skimp on the engine in your struggle to bring the total boat cost within the amount to which you are limited. And I should always advise a four-cycle over a two-cycle, despite the arguments for and against it that you may start anywhere power-boat owners are gathered. The easier starting, greater flexibility, more economical running of the four-cycle heavily outweighs the slightly less original cost and simplicity of the two-cycle mechanism.

Many converts to power-boating look to speed first in their initial purchase if they have the price, and in these small cruisers your engine may fluctuate from $200 to $800 in cost, or very much more if you are after high speed. But experienced advice is needed for such adventuring. The increase of speed beyond a moderate figure adds greatly, not only to original cost, but also to operating expense. And, moreover, it does not follow that twice a given horse-power will double the speed of a given model, or that the increase of engine will insure a corresponding increase of speed in any model to which it happens to be added without technical thought. Engine and model must fit, must harmonize, so to say.

Moderate speed with the power to hold it and smooth running are what is wanted on our small cruiser. If you are getttng ten to eleven knots, you are getting all you need; the maximum pace at the minimum cost, the best adapted to your model, and a very fair speed into the bargain—a lot more than you got out of the sailboat of equal l. w. l. (length on the water line) under the happiest conditions. Need I say that before you start on any cruise you should become fully acquainted with your engine? It is almost as fool proof as the automobile engine, only if something does happen the walking or the prospect of a tow are not so good. Therefore you should be competent to make all small repairs, at the very least, and to fit the extra parts which should invariably be carried. My space restricts me to the barest outline in suggestion; those who would go deeper I commend to Chief Nutting, father confessor and mentor of the motor-craft clan. But I must say that nowhere is cleanliness more essential to comfort and sport than on and in the power boat. There should be plenty of ventilation and airing and sunning, and cocoa matting is the best floor covering I know—durable and easily cleaned and dried.

Finally, never be foolhardy with the power boat. If there is any one direction where you need to be mindful of "safety first" it is on this utilitarian little craft, with its potentiality for going adrift or blowing up—only, however, as a result of the grossest carelessness or ignorance. Get plenty of practice in the waters with which you are familiar or in protected waters before you venture upon those you do not know. I urge you not to go "outside" until you have the experience which brings confidence, for the going is quite different; the feel is different; the demands are likely to be greater. I recall my first venture upon the Atlantic, out of Great South Bay—the lifting power, the swelling force, the impressiveness of it, the rapid mental scrutiny of one's nautical qualifications—you realize what a mite in a cockle-shell you are; and live it. This is where the confidence of experience comes in.

You should never attempt strange waters without a chart, and you ought to know something of navigation, even though your off-shore cruising does not go beyond the three-mile limit. And all the time and everywhere, inside and outside, you must know the rules of the road.

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RAILWAY TOURING IN THE UNITED STATES

BY FRANK TRUMBULL

CHAIRMAN RAILWAY EXECUTIVES' ADVISORY COMMITTEE

SEVERAL years ago an Englishman of my acquaintance was describing to me in his London club some incidents of a journey he had made a short time before through the Austrian Tyrol. In the service of his Government he had spent many years in India and other parts of the East, and, having retired with a modest competence, he devoted several months of each year to travel. Knowing that he had covered most of the accessible portions of the Eastern Hemisphere, I remarked that it was strange he had never visited America.

"Oh," he said, "there is nothing I should like better. But, you know, I am really a poor man. Your railway and hotel rates are quite beyond my modest purse."

I tried to convince him that his impression as to the cost of touring the United States was ill-founded. I produced figures to show that railway rates for the same distance and similar accommodation were lower in the United States than in Europe, and that there were plenty of American hotels in which the charges compared favorably with those he was accustomed to pay in Europe. I do not think that he was fully convinced, but a year or two later he came to this side of the Atlantic, and I met him in New York after he had completed a transcontinental tour of the country.

"The most interesting trip of my life!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "No other country in the world has the natural wonders yours can present. And I have found that what you told me of the cost of travel on this side is true. The greater distances to be covered make the seeming difference. But what I cannot understand is that so few Americans know their own country. I have met any number of people over here who were thoroughly at home in talking of London, Paris, and Berlin, Switzerland, Egypt, and the Italian cities, but who seemed lost in surprise when I began to praise the beauties of the Colorado Canyon, the Yosemite, and the Yellowstone, and who admitted that they had never visited any of these places. It is quite beyond my comprehension."

It seems to me that this experience illustrates a condition that was altogether too general a few years back. The reproach involved in the Englishman's surprise at the unfamiliarity of Americans with the beauty and interest of their own country was deserved. Since then, I am bound to admit, there has been a decided improvement, and the extent of travel in America by Americans, undertaken primarily for pleasure or instruction, has increased very greatly.

To this result the European war unquestionably has contributed in large measure. Being shut off from their usual journeys abroad, Americans with the means and leisure for travel have begun to learn something of the wonders and attractions of their own land. This movement has been encouraged also by the very intelligent efforts of American transportation lines to stimulate greater interest in travel within our own borders.

Perhaps one reason why railway touring in the United States attained relatively small proportions until recently was the greater attention necessarily devoted to the severely utilitarian features of railway development. American railways were first of all empire-builders. Their immediate and urgent task was that of pioneers—to populate new territories, to develop their resources, and to build up their industries. Into a brief half-hundred years has been crowded a development which in European countries was the work of centuries. This has been very largely the work of the railways. Time and energy did not permit of anything beyond these pressing tasks, and it is only in recent years that attention has been turned in any systematic way to the encouragement of travel for travel's sake.

In Europe, on the other hand, travel has been cultivated systematically and thoroughly. History, art, and literature have combined to beckon the traveler on. Switzerland has capitalized her scenery and has made it a most important national asset, building about it a great diversity of permanent business interests. Italy has accomplished much the same with the aid of her historic and artistic treasures, and other countries of the Old World have followed more or less closely the example of these two. Tourists from every land, our own included, have poured their millions into the coffers of these nations as a tribute to their enterprise in this direction. It is estimated that for the ten years preceding the European war Americans expended annually $100,000,000 on foreign travel, and it seems probable that this is not an exaggerated figure.

We are beginning to awaken to the value of the scenic treasures and natural attractions that we have here at home, and this knowledge is beginning to be disseminated to some extent by organized effort. An important step in this direction, a first step on the part of the Government itself so far as I am aware, has been taken by Secretary of the Interior Lane. With a view to interesting Americans in their own country and in the preservation and utilization of the natural attractions and resources with which it is so wonderfully endowed, Mr. Lane has published portfolios on each of our nine National Parks, containing views and information certain to prove interesting and instructive to every American.

"There is no reason," he says, "why this Nation should not make its public health and scenic domain as available to all its citizens as Switzerland and Italy make theirs. The aim is to open them thoroughly by road and trail and give access and accommodation to every degree of income."

The final sentence of this quotation contains a thought deserving of special consideration. If travel at home is to be made a Nationally popular means of recreation and education, it must come within the reach of the modest purse as well as of that which is more plethoric. And this makes it worth while to examine briefly the opinion which deterred my English friend from visiting the United States—a belief which seems to be shared by many Americans—that the cost of railway travel is much higher in this country than abroad.

From Paris to Rome is a journey of 907 miles, somewhat less than the distance from New York to Chicago. The fare, with sleeping accommodations, is $40.46.[1] Between New York and Chicago it is $27 by ordinary fast train, and $36 by the palatial limited which makes the trip in twenty hours. Reduced to a mileage basis, the fare from Paris to Rome is 4.5 cents per mile; between New York and Chicago it is 2.7 cents on regular fast trains and 3.6 cents on the twenty-hour limited. It is 106 miles farther from New York to Chicago than from Paris to Vienna, but the cost of the latter trip is $12 more. One can travel first class from Chicago to San Francisco, a distance of 2,273 miles, for $79, which is exactly the combined fare from Paris to Rome and Paris to Vienna, with a combined distance of only 1,779 miles.

For lesser journeys a proportional difference prevails. From Chicago to Minneapolis, a distance of 422 miles, the fare, including parlor car, is $9. From Paris to Lucerne, 396 miles, it is $14.10. From New York to Buffalo, Pullman included, one pays $11.25 by the most expensive line. The distance is 440 miles, or 39 miles greater than from London to Glasgow, but the fare for the latter trip is $14.50. To go from Frankfort to Leipsic over one of the German lines, which are often cited as the most efficient examples of Government-owned railways, costs $8.28, as compared with $6.90 for the trip from New York to Washington, almost exactly equal in mileage. The journey from Genoa to Milan matches the run from New York to Philadelphia in distance, but the fare between the two Italian cities is $3.42, as against $2.75 for the American trip.

These comparisons are based on first-class rates in Europe and first-class rates with Pullman fare added in the United States. The standards of service are about the same in both cases, although the amount of space to each passenger is greater on the American trains. The regular third-class rate of fare in England before the war was one penny (two cents) a mile, which is practically the same as the ordinary passenger rate in this country. The regular first-class rate in England is about four cents a mile, notwithstanding that wages and other costs are much lower than here.

It should be noted, moreover, that in practically all European

[1] These and other European rates quoted refer to the period before the war. The rates are much higher now.

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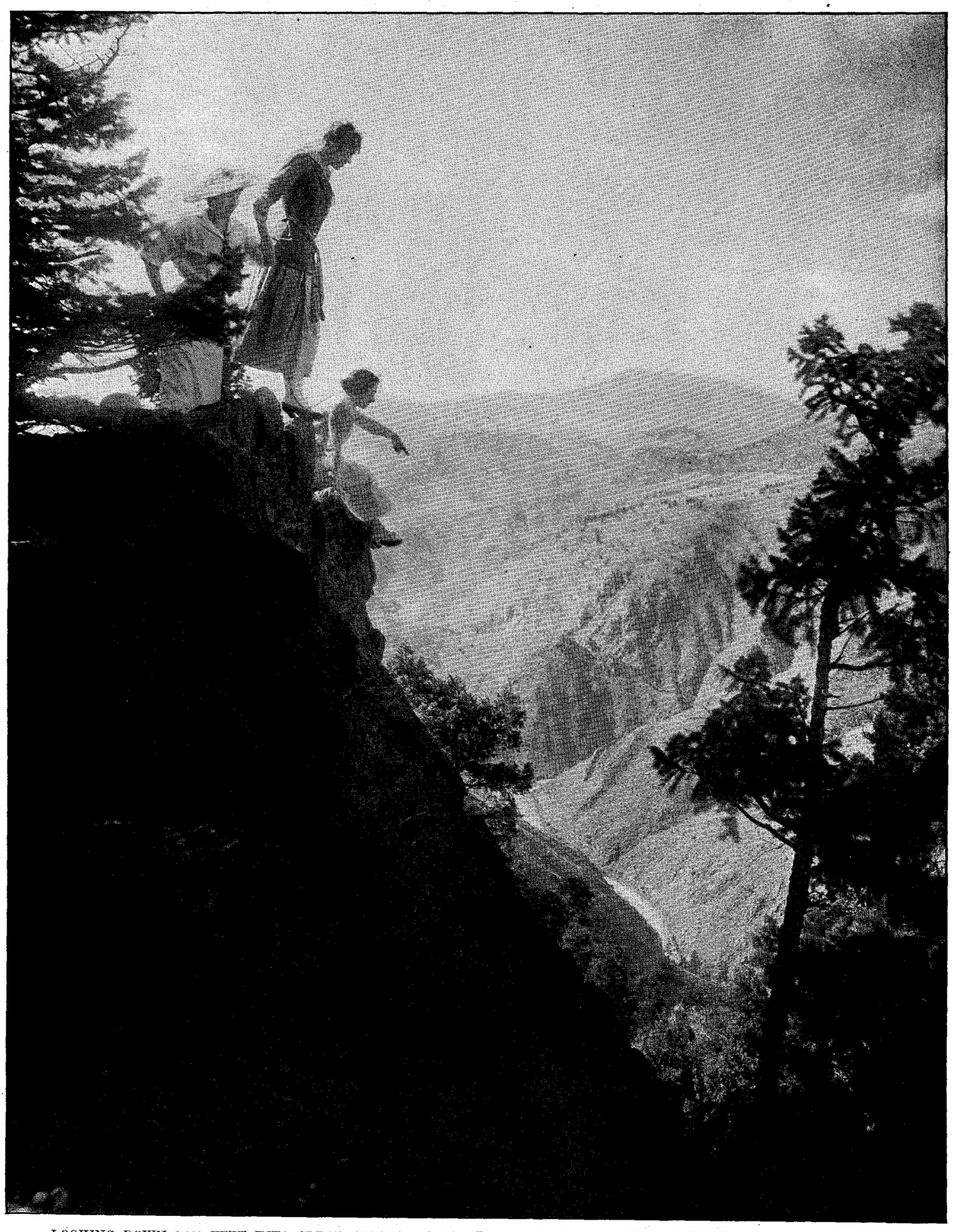
SOME AMERICAN TRAVEL PICTURES



LOOKING DOWN 2,000 FEET INTO CLEAR CREEK CANYON FROM COLORADO POINT, LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, COLORADO

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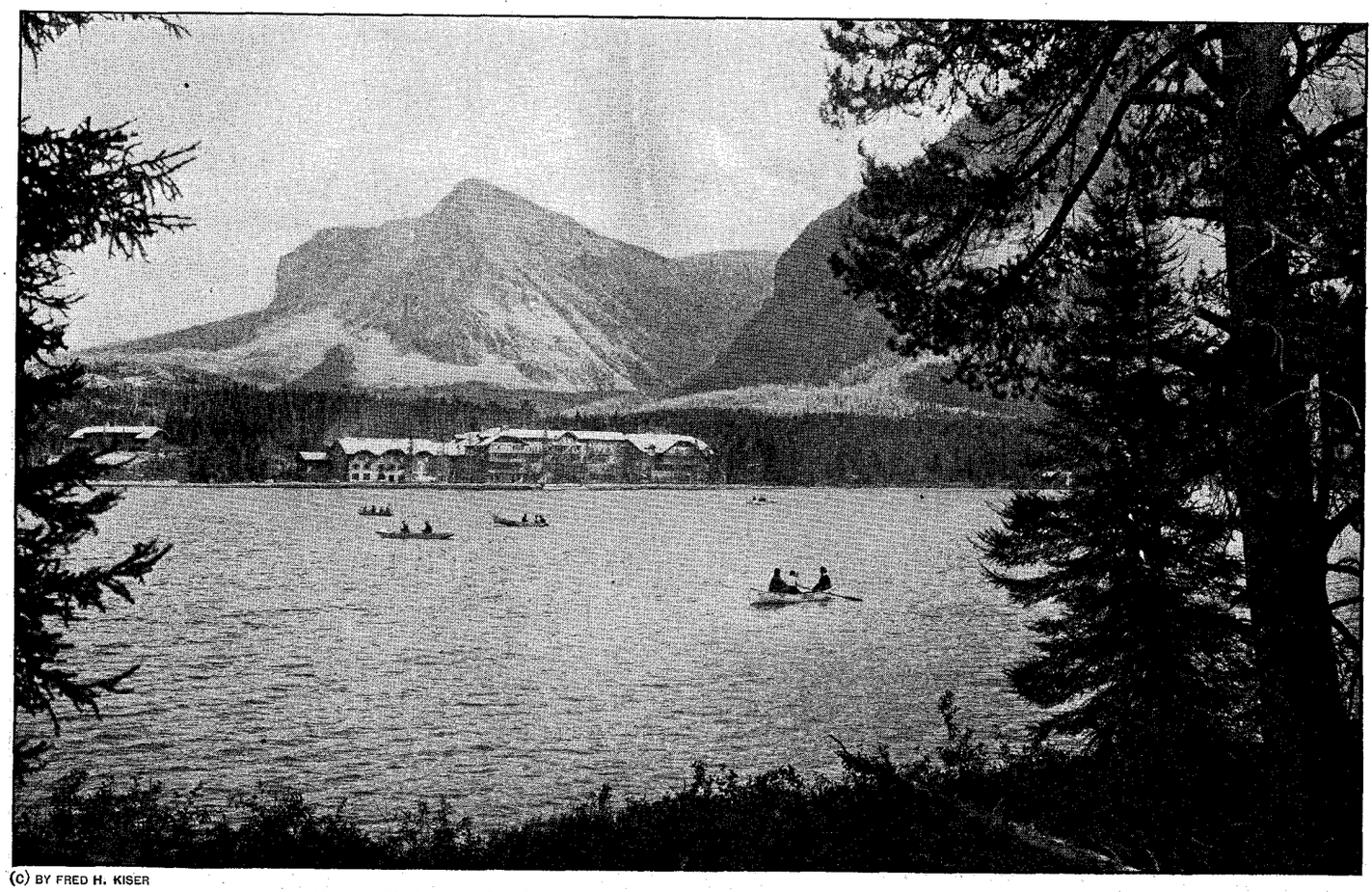

(C) BY FRED H. KISER

McDERMOTT LAKE, IN THE HEART OF GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, MONTANA

CAMPING OUT IN MOUNT RAINIER NATIONAL PARK, WASHINGTON

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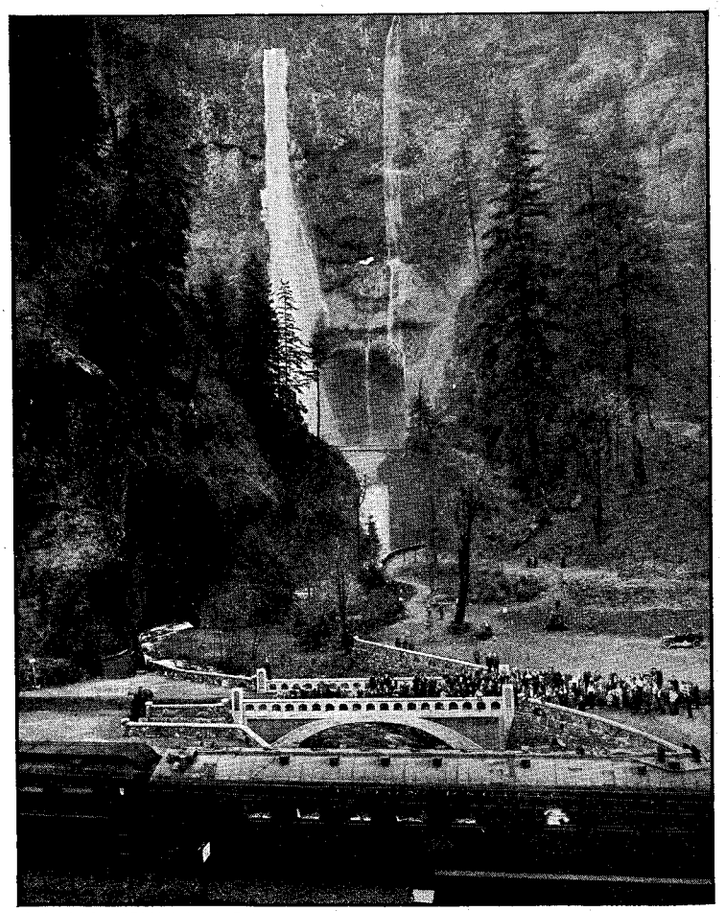
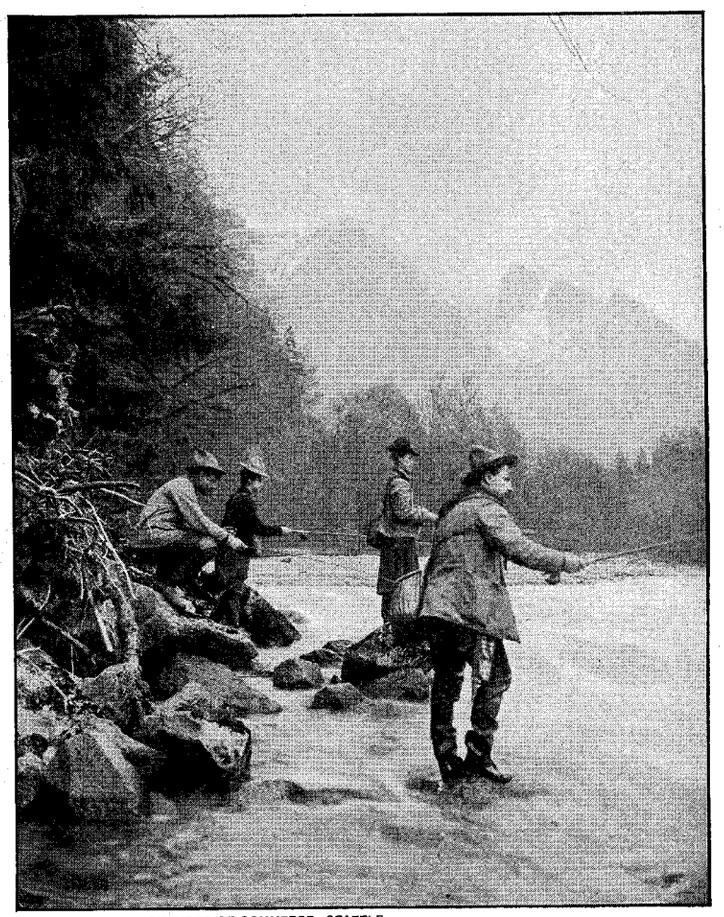


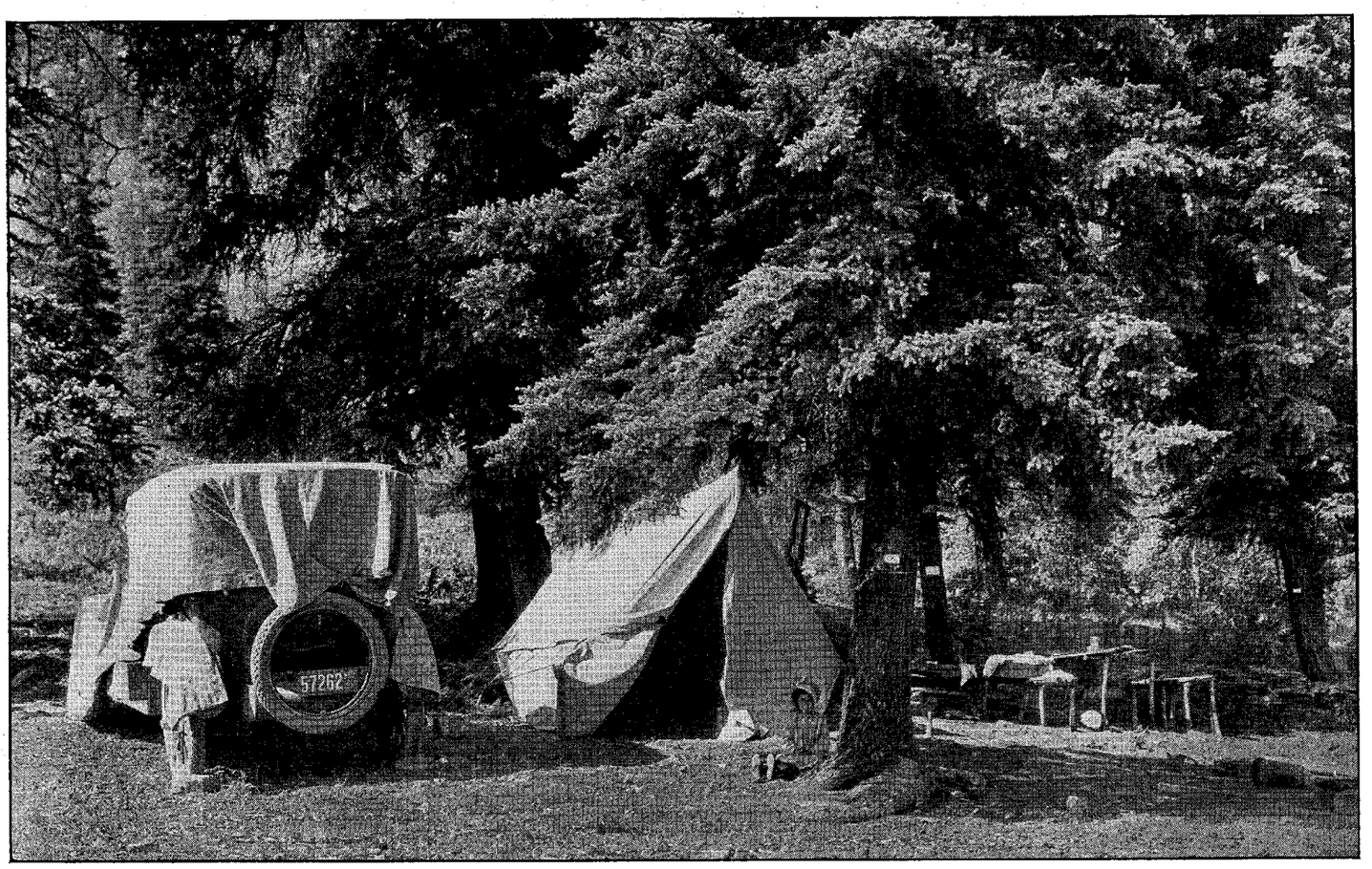
COURTESY OF OREGON-WASHINGTON R. R. & N. CO.

AN EXCURSION PARTY AT MULTNOMAH FALLS, OREGON



COURTESY OF NEW CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, SEATTLE

FISHING FOR TROUT NEAR SEATTLE, WASHINGTON



AN AUTOMOBILE CAMPING PARTY IN COCHETOPA NATIONAL FOREST, COLORADO

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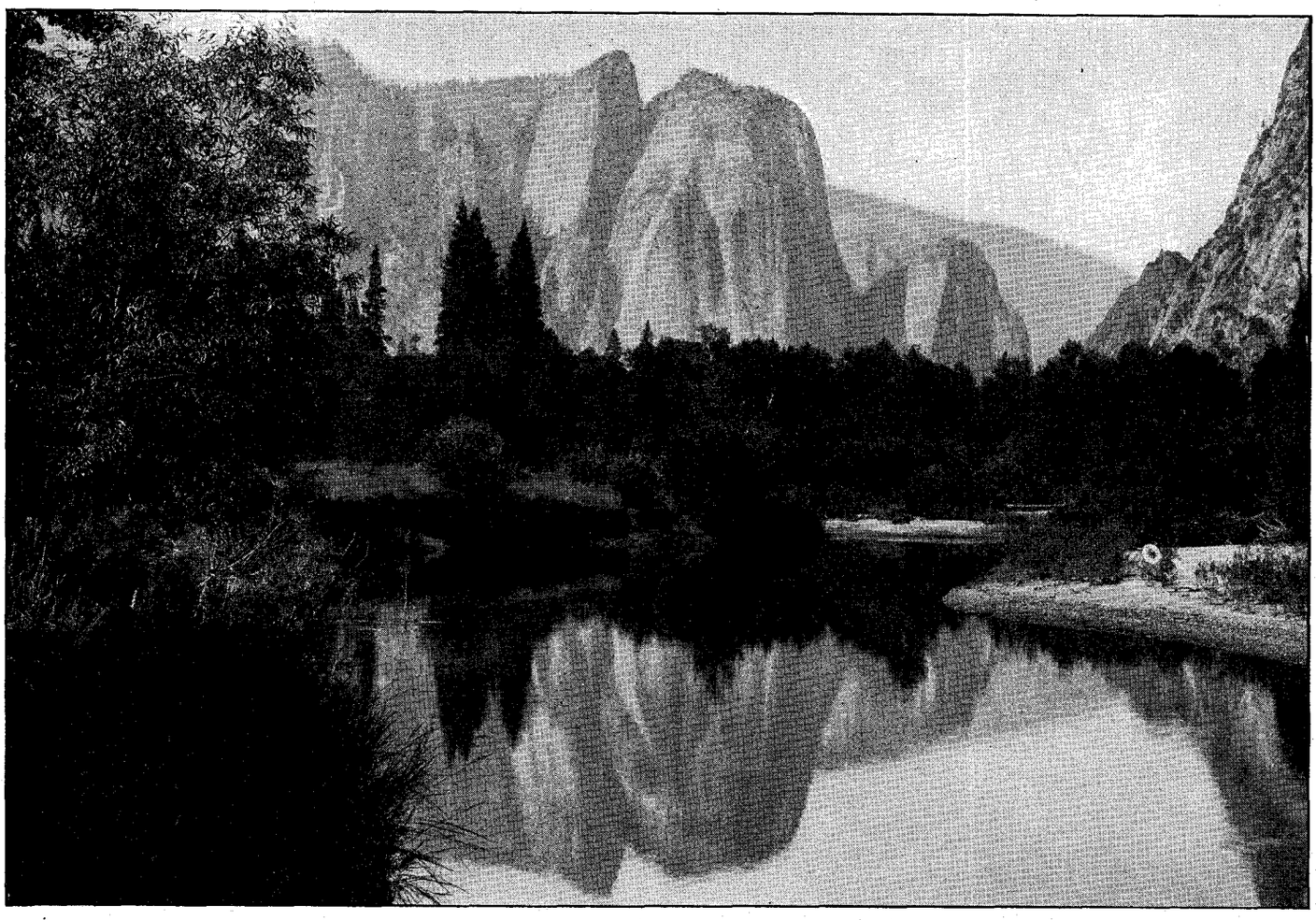

CALIFORNIA'S WONDERFUL VALLEY—CATHEDRAL ROCKS, IN THE YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK

THE NEW SIEUR DE MONTS NATIONAL MONUMENT (PARK), MOUNT DESERT, MAINE—LOOKING OVER SOMES SOUND TO THE MOUNTAINS, ALSO RECENTLY ACQUIRED

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countries the rates for the transportation of baggage are much higher than in the United States. The liberal custom that prevails here of handling free of charge as much luggage as the ordinary passenger carries is unknown on the other side of the Atlantic. If the charge for baggage were included, the comparison would be still more favorable to American transportation lines.

Such comparisons might be extended indefinitely. A schedule of passenger fares per mile for a number of trips in Continental Europe and the British Isles shows the lowest rate to be 3.6 cents per mile, and the highest 6.8 cents, as compared with two cents and 3.4 cents respectively in the United States. In this connection it is interesting to note that most of Europe's Continental roads are government-owned, while all of those in the United States are privately owned.

In point of service, in provision for the comfort and convenience of travelers, the best American trains are the best in the world. The luxurious limiteds have their elaborate observation, library, and smoking cars, well stocked with books and current periodicals. Barber-shop, bathroom, valet, and maid provide all the conveniences and attentions obtainable in the most up-to-date hotel. The man with business to transact can avail himself of market reports, news bulletins, and the services of a stenographer. Nowhere else in the world has personal service and attention to every detail of comfort been carried further than on the trains *de luxe* which are the pride of American railways. The traveler accustomed to the best-equipped European trains will find here many features to surprise and delight him. One thing he will miss is the leisurely pace which prevails on many even of the best-known European roads. The American demands speed. He enjoys the trip most when he is making record time, and in this respect also the railway has consulted his wishes.

It is not alone the luxurious limited train, however, that offers a special service of attractive convenience to the traveler. The tourist sleeper, with less elaborate equipment, but with no lack of essential comforts, is available on most of the main-traveled routes of the West. Originally developed for the convenience of parties of home-seekers, its lower rates appeal especially to the traveler who desires to economize on his transportation expense. The low-rate round-trip excursion ticket presenting a choice of routes is an economical device of American railroading particularly adapted to the needs of the traveler whose trip is limited by the factor of expense.

Another phase of travel that has been developed to a high state of efficiency by the various well-known travel bureaus and agencies is the personally conducted tour. Its appeal to the traveler who is making a vacation of his trip is found in the fact that every detail is attended to for him. He does not have to look after tickets or luggage or hotel accommodations at points where the journey is broken by stops. The all-providing agency not only attends to these details, but also furnishes lecturers and literature descriptive of the places visited. It tells the traveler what to see and what he should know about the places seen, and leaves him free to devote his full attention to undisturbed enjoyment of the trip. These tours have the added advantage that their members know in advance exactly what they will be called upon to expend, for the sum charged by the tourist agency includes not only railway fares, berths, and meals, but hotel charges, and even the expense of automobiles or other means of transportation employed to reach special points of interest.

Health as well as pleasure and education is responsible for a growing volume of travel. The vacation hadit was of slow growth among Americans, but it has become well-nigh universal. They are learning that they can do more work and better work, and can keep in better physical condition, if they seek diversion for a week, a fortnight, or a month out of the year. A great proportion of these vacation periods are spent in travel trips. The coming of every summer sees a great exodus from the cities to the seashore and mountains of New England and the Middle Atlantic States, the resorts in West Virginia and Colorado, along the Great Lakes, and the camps and mountain parks of the Northwest.

While the summer is still the vacation season for the great majority, and passenger traffic is heaviest from June to October, a very rapid growth in winter travel has taken place in recent years, and a steadily increasing number of persons turn to Florida, southern California, and intermediate points in the South and Southwest to escape the rigors of the Northern winter and to find health and enjoyment under balmy Southern skies. The special trains which are operated on the railways extending to the South primarily to care for this winter travel are models of completeness and luxurious appointment, and whole communities at favored points spring into activity solely to serve for this special class of health and pleasure seekers and to provide means for their entertainment. The part that railway touring plays in preserving health and promoting longevity cannot be measured by statistics, but is unquestionably of great importance.

Thus it is that travel as a fine art has reached its highest development in America, and a constantly growing number of Americans are availing themselves of its possibilities year by year. Certainly no single country presents such a wide and impressive variety of natural attractions from which the prospective traveler may select those which appeal particularly to him. Every State has its unique scenic features, every city its special attractions. From the shores and mountains of New England, past the stately Hudson, the forest depths and crystal lakes of the Adirondacks, on to the cloud-encircled pinnacle of Mount Rainier, that "most beautiful mountain in the world," and the orange groves of southern California, these are spread before the traveler in a vast and ever-changing panorama that tells better than any written words can do the story of the splendor and strength and beauty of these United States.

The American who has traced the courses of our majestic rivers, who has communed with the mighty power of nature displayed in the scenic glories of the Yellowstone, or the Grand Canyon in Arizona, who has stood at the foot of the giant Sequoia redwoods and reflected that he was in the presence of the oldest living objects in the world, who has studied the vast machinery of our commercial organization and watched the play of the millions of varied shuttles that weave the intricate fabric of our industrial life, who has rubbed elbows with his fellow-citizens from one end of the country to the other, cannot but return home a better citizen, more patriotic in spirit, and with a deeper pride and a more reverent satisfaction that he can call this land his own.

It is this feature of travel in the United States that lends it greatest value if we look at the subject from the National viewpoint. It is the upbuilding of a spirit of National unity, of a better understanding of our fellows, that is the best fruit of the "See America" movement. And this result has been made possible by the development of the railways of the country to their present extent and efficiency.

The transportation lines of the United States have long since passed the stage in which they served merely local needs. They form to-day a great National system—the greatest in the world. Not only have they knit communities a continent-width apart into a unified whole, but by the movement of commerce with an efficiency and economy unequaled elsewhere they have made possible the development of industrial activities on a Nation-wide scale that would have been impossible of attainment otherwise. The time has come when the regulation of this great National enterprise should be conducted Nationally, with the Federal Government in control, working through the Inter-State Commerce Commission and perhaps through a series of regional commissions—an arrangement that has proved successful in the unification and improvement of our banking and credit system. A plan must be worked out that will protect both the public and the carriers. A system that will relieve the railways from the harassment of punitive legislation, from the useless waste and duplication and conflict of authority inevitably involved in regulation by forty-eight States and the National Government, that will free the credit of the transportation companies and enable them, by attracting capital, to make the extensions and improvements urgently demanded by the growth of the country's business and travel, will serve the Nation's welfare in the highest degree.

When the building of the Union Pacific was projected, one of the strongest arguments advanced in its favor in Congress was that it would help to bind the Union together—hence its name. This is a work that the National railway system has done for every part of the country on a vastly greater scale, so that with every passing year it becomes more nearly true that there is

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no North, no South, no East, no West, where the welfare of the Nation is concerned. It is the triumph of transportation, of the ease and cheapness and convenience with which the people of different sections of the country can mingle, that there is less difference of speech and thought, of manners and customs, between the residents of three million square miles of American territory than among the inhabitants of provinces only a few hundred miles separated in some Old World countries. Travel is a necessity to the maintenance of a common purpose and a common view-point among us Americans, and every improvement in transportation that makes travel easier and more attractive promotes National unity.

SIEUR DE MONTS AND YOSEMITE

THE PROBLEM OF OUR NATIONAL PARKS

BY STEPHEN T. MATHER

DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

THE National Park Service now extends its activities across the continent from coast to coast, and the complaint so often heard in the East that National parks are chiefly beneficial for Western Americans no longer has force. The creation, by Presidential proclamation last summer, of the Sieur de Monts National Monument establishes the service not only in the Far East, but upon the Atlantic coast. Sieur de Monts has the further distinction of being the first National playground reservation upon any seacoast.

It is true that, technically, Sieur de Monts is not a National park, but a National monument. The distinction, however, will not be greatly apparent to the average citizen. Technically, the principal difference is that the park is created by Act of Congress and the monument by proclamation of the President; that the park is an area of large size, presumably so created because of the sublimity of its natural scenery, while the monument, which may or may not inclose a large area or contain scenery of sublimity, is worthy of conservation for historical, ethnological, or other reasons.

As a fact, the distinction is not observed in practice; a reservation so great in area and scenic sublimity as the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, for instance, still remains a National monument, while the Casa Grande Ruin, in Arizona, valuable only ethnologically, is classed a National park. Now that organization is at last established, however, a National policy will quickly crystallize.

Sieur de Monts has the distinction of possessing both historic interest and very great natural beauty. It is situated on Mount Desert Island, Maine, within one mile of Bar Harbor. It includes the ten mountains which rise directly back of that celebrated resort and approach to the boundaries of South East Harbor. It contains in the hollows of its mountains several lakes of exquisite grace. Its rocky, sea-lashed shore abounds in majestic headlands, several of them famed in the early history of Acadia, from whose summits the climber gazes upon sea vistas of remarkable beauty. It incloses a fiord of loveliness.

This exquisite reservation is remarkable also for the diversity and beauty of its forests and its floral luxuriance. Automobile roads lead to its boundaries, and well-built paths penetrate its wildernesses. Historical associations are commemorated in titles, and tablets make them known to the wanderer. But the visitor will not be bound by roads and paths. He will wander at will through the forest wilderness, lunch by brooksides, and climb the mountain summits. Sixty thousand people spend their summers in the many neighborhood resorts. These resorts make Sieur de Monts accessible and enjoyable to all.

But this sea-girt sylvan paradise has still another distinction. So far, the acquisition of our National parks and monuments has cost the Nation nothing; Congress has only dignified by parkhood those areas already a part of the public lands. A few years ago William Kent, of San Francisco, who has just retired from a useful career in the House of Representatives, purchased one of the last remaining magnificent stands of first-growth redwoods and presented it to the Nation. The Muir Woods National Monument, just across the bay from San Francisco, will remain a perpetual monument to public spirit as well as to nature's luxuriance.

Following Mr. Kent's precedent, a group of patriotic New Englanders, led by George B. Dorr, of Boston and Bar Harbor, contributed their personal holdings and acquired others by purchase for the creation of the Sieur de Monts National Monument. Mr. Dorr made this a chief objective of many years. It was all private property. Owners had to be discovered, approached, and persuaded to give or to sell. Estate managements had to be won over. Funds had to be raised by private subscription. It required great patience, persistence, and labor. But at last, less than a year ago, the essential five thousand acres were acquired and presented to the Nation.

But Mr. Dorr's work is not yet done. He has become the Government custodian of the reservation at a salary insufficient to pay a week's board in the humblest Bar Harbor hotel, and is putting his immense energy and resourceful influence into the development of the area for the public use. Sieur de Monts is destined to become one of the rarest spots in America, as it is already one of the most accessible.

So much for our beginning in the Far East; but what of the Far West, where we have had National parks for many years? The Nation lies between Sieur de Monts, on the Atlantic coast, and Yosemite, on the summit of the Sierra Nevada. The former represents the aspirations of our young service, the latter an experiment toward the building of a model for the future development of all our National parks.

Right here let me say that our chief duty is to make our National parks comfortable for all the people. We have been criticised, we shall always be criticised, for invading such spots of supreme glory as the Yosemite with extensive automobile roads, hotels, public camps, and trails. They protest that we are profaning nature's masterpieces; that the honk of the horn, the hotel structures in the valley, and the clustering camps in the many outlying spots of sublime beauty in the high Sierra above the valley's rim distress the sensitive lover of nature in his contemplation of nature's highest expression; that he who would revel in supreme beauty must be content to sacrifice comfort, even to endure hardship, in his worship.

There is a pretty sentiment in this attitude of which I am far from unappreciative. But pilgrimages to Mecca belong to the far past; to-day it is the right of every one of the hundred million owners of the Yosemite to visit that incomparable shrine in as great luxury as each can afford, and it is the duty of the Government representing these millions to provide each one who comes as nearly as possible, all things considered, the degree of comfort, even of luxury, that he requires. It is the duty of the National Park Service to provide hotels of class for those who desire this kind of accommodation, camps at modest prices for the multitudes who want them, and camping-out facilities for those who, for greater economy or any other reason, want to camp out. It is its duty to open the park for the fast-increasing throngs of motorists, to make every spot of special beauty comfortably available by trail, and to provide all possible means for the old and the weak and the poor, as well as the young and the strong and the well-to-do, to enjoy what belongs equally to all.

Of course this becomes an enormous problem. The habit of Congress, no doubt economically sound, is to appropriate only such money year by year as seems absolutely necessary to care for and develop the National Park itself. It is not the province of Government to provide hotels and service of any personal kind. Uncle Sam is not an innkeeper nor a liveryman. Private enterprise must provide the means of living in and enjoying these great National playgrounds. In an immense popular area like the Yosemite National Park large private capital must be

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induced to build hotels and camps and equip and operate extensive transportation plants. This, of course, means concessions for a term of years sufficient to allow capital its chance of profit. And it means a strictly supervised monopoly, for, while capital can be lured into a National park, with its short season, only under the condition of freedom from irresponsible competition, its charges to the public must be rigidly kept down by Government to the lowest charges which will serve to pay it a reasonable profit on investment.

This policy naturally provokes the outcry of monopoly from the ignorant or unthinking; but the criticism is untenable; the condition is precisely the same that warrants the city government giving a street car company the monopoly of certain streets for long periods, in consideration of its furnishing the kind of equipment demanded by the people at the lowest charges capable of producing a fair profit.

Such has been the problem presented by the Yosemite National Park.

The internationally famous Yosemite Valley is eight square miles in a scenic wilderness of eleven hundred square miles known as the Yosemite National Park. Few, particularly in the East, have even heard of the park; yet were there no valley the Yosemite would still stand in the first rank of the National parks of a country which possesses more scenic sublimity than is accessible in all the rest of the world. It has been our first duty to open up the immense resources of the greater National park. To this end we accepted the gift of the old Tioga Road from a group of public-spirited citizens who purchased it from private ownership. The Government repaired it. Since then two public camps have been built along its course, from which trails spread to the magnificent outlying High Sierra. The Waterwheels of the Tuolumne Canyon, destined to become one of the most celebrated water spectacles in the world, are thus opened to the public.

For the full development of the Yosemite to meet the increased demand which started with the Exposition year, hotels, camps, and transportation facilities were needed which would necessarily cost many hundreds of thousands of dollars. A competent company, adequately capitalized, has availed itself of the opportunity, and the new development has well started. A new hotel of unobtrusive design has been completed upon Glacier Point, three thousand feet above the valley floor, and overlooking one of the noblest views in America. A large and handsome hotel is in course of construction in the valley near the foot of Yosemite Falls. Four large camps exist in the valley, two of which charge $2.75 a day for board and lodging, and two charge $3 a day. One of these camps offers log cabins instead of canvas tents, each cabin being heated with a wood stove and lighted by electricity. Two of the camps are equipped with hot and cold shower baths, besides tubs, at no extra charge. Two of them have large swimming baths, for which a charge is made. There are tennis and dancing. Another camp, far from the gayer center, is well patronized by those who desire a retired life in the valley. There are adequate garage facilities and service.

Besides these ever-ready facilities for long or short sojourns, camp sites are set apart for those who want to camp out in the good old-fashioned way. These cost nothing. Many families bring in their own tents and equipment. Many more hire them, complete to bed linen and table ware, on the spot. The shops in the village supply every need at regulated prices and deliver daily at the tent door. The family automobile is parked alongside the tent or stored in the free garage.

Thus, living is as you like it in this climax of valleys. Solitude is for the seeking the shortest of walks away, and the gayeties and entertainments of hotel life are quickly available to the camper who wants change. One walks or rides under these towering walls and sensational waterfalls, and he who yearns to see no face except that of Nature in her sublimest aspect may gratify his desire at small expense without injustice to his fellow-proprietors who want to enjoy it in company.

Now the great park above the valley is becoming comfortably accessible. A day by auto stage will yield an hour or two in the Mariposa Grove of giant sequoias, and presently, when the new chalet is built, one may have the wonder of a night among the monsters. Glacier Point, by trail past Vernal and Nevada Falls, is another day's trip; but one may stay the night in the new hotel and see sunset and the afterglow. Merced Lake is a two days' round trip, with real trouting as an objective; but one may stay as long as he will in the admirable camp and test the fishing of Washburn Lake and several glacier-fed streams.

Or one may go, by auto stage or trail, to Tenaya Lake, on the Tioga Road, and thence on to the famous Tuolumne Meadows, which until the camp was built last year were enjoyed by few besides the Sierra Club.

This extra-valley development is only in its beginning. The trails are pushing on, and the comfortable camps will follow. The Yosemite National Park, as a whole, will become in a few years the choicest playground of this Nation and, in connection with another experimental development at Mount Rainier, the model upon which the new National Park Service, which Congress created last August to administer and develop its National parks, will build its ultimate edifice.

But none will develop exactly like the Yosemite, because every National park we possess is highly individualized. Each has its own separate conditions and presents its own problems. Each must be treated in development according to its personality.

MOTHERS

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

"I hold no cause worth my son's life," one said—
And the two women with her as she spoke
Joined glances in a hush that neither broke,
So present was the memory of their dead.
And through their meeting eyes their souls drew near,
Linked by their sons, men who had held life dear
But laid it down for something dearer still.
One had wrought out with patient iron will
The riddle of a pestilence, and won,
Fighting on stricken, till his work was done
For children of to-morrow. Far away
In shell-torn soil of France the other lay,
And in the letter that his mother read
Over and over, kneeling as to pray—
"I'm thanking God with all my heart to-day,
Whatever comes"—(that was the day he died)—
"I've done my bit to clear the road ahead."
In those two mothers, common pain of loss
Blossomed in starry flowers of holy pride.
What thoughts were hers who silent stood beside
Her son the dreamer's cross?

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.
HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of April 18, 1917

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: America in the War; Echoes from Abroad.
Reference: Page 681.
Questions:

1. Name a number of things alien enemies are not now allowed to do? How would you have such treated? 2. If our Government does not intend to keep the German ships, what business has it to take them? What do you think ought to be done with them? 3. Why did Austria sever relations with America? Are you glad that she has? Why or why not? 4. Who are the following: Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Strachey, and President Poincaré? 5. Give Germany's reasons why America entered the war. Criticise these.

II—FOREIGN AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Reconstruction in Germany.
Reference: Pages 683, 684.
Questions:

1. Do you expect to hear of a political revolution in Germany? (See The Outlook for April 11, 1917, pages 639, 640.) Discuss both sides of this question. 2. What changes would be necessary to make Germany democratic? (See The Outlook, April 11, 1917, page 640; Hazen, "Modern European History," Chapter XXI; Ogg, "The Governments of Europe," pages 193–241; Krüger, "Government and Politics of the German Empire," pages 1–116; and McLaren, "Germanism from Within," pages 128–141, 185–208, 313–322.) 3. What is the attitude of several of the German states toward Prussia? 4. Explain why so much is said of electoral reform in Prussia. 5. What, in your opinion, is the function of Socialism in Germany? Distinguish between state Socialism and Socialism in Germany. (See West, "Modern History," pages 489–493; Kirkup, "History of Socialism," pages 73–167, 197–236, 309–326, 427, 428).

B. Topic: Russia's Future.
Reference: Pages 691, 692.
Questions:

1. Restate in your own way the main facts of Russian *economic* life from 1901 to 1911. What bearing have these upon Russia's future *democratic* development? (Pages 691, 692.) 2. In what ways does Mr. Sack indicate that the Russians are a capable people? 3. Discuss the possibilities of foreign capital in Russia. 4. What do you think of Russia's future? Upon what do you base your opinions?

III—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Mobilizing the Merchant Marine.
Reference: Page 694.
Questions:

1. The study of this topic should extend to a thorough study of our whole merchant marine problem—a most important subject. 2. Meaning of "merchant marine"? "Auxiliary vessels"? "Documented vessels"? "Ship subsidy"? 3. Just previous to the present war, what proportion of our commerce was carried in the ships of foreign nations? How is this fact to be explained? 4. When did we own an excellent merchant marine? Account for its downfall. 5. What is the present relative position of American deep-sea shipping? 6. What has the American Government done since 1915 to encourage and develop a merchant marine? (For answer to questions 3, 4, 5, 6 see any modern history of the United States, the World Almanac for 1916 or 1917, and the 1916 American Year Book.) 7. Make out a list of ten important facts from the article on page 694. *Why* are those facts important? 8. Meaning of mobilizing the merchant marine? Reasons for so doing?

B. Topic: The Legs of an Army.
Reference: Pages 696–698.
Questions:

1. How does Mr. Adler show that "proper railway service underlies every one of the many industries by which 100,000,000 civilians will be furnished work and money during war time"? 2. How well equipped are our railways to carry out the requirements of actual warfare? Discuss at length. 3. Name and discuss all of the problems sketched by Mr. Adler. Is or is not the *degree of co-operation* needed to solve these problems beyond the American people? (Herein lies one of democracy's greatest tests.) 4. Can you make any definite practical suggestions by way of solving these problems? 5. How many new things have you learned by reading this article?

C. Topic: American Labor and the War.
Reference: Editorial pages, 689, 690.
Questions:

1. Tell of England's experience in handling the problem of organized labor since the war began. 2. For what reasons is the proclamation of the Committee of the Council of National Defense wise? 3. What, in your opinion, ought our Government to do as to profits, prices, and wages during this war? 4. Are there necessary and sound reasons for the continually increasing cost of goods? 5. Write an editorial of about two hundred words on this editorial.

IV—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

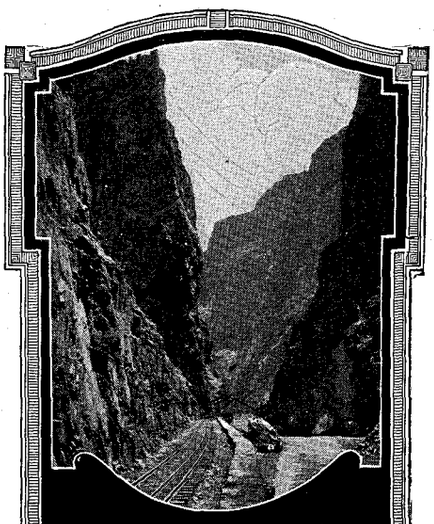
(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. History shows that democracy is more efficient than autocracy. 2. The Government should regulate both prices and wages. 3. A nation cannot be made or unmade by force.

V—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for April 18, 1917. After looking them up in the dictionary, or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words.*)

Prosecution, alien people, confiscate, garbled, drastic, emergency, ensigns, inflation, revolution, evolution, franchise, regeneration, machinations, reconstituted, sedition, rolling stock, in lieu, gratuities.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THE FRANKLIN CAR

SCIENTIFIC LIGHT WEIGHT HOLDS THE ROAD

A PROMINENT Aeronautical Engineer, recently employed by the United States Government, writes to the Franklin Company:

"Isn't it remarkable how the idea sticks in some people's heads that a heavy car holds the road better? They don't seem to know that *unsprung weight* is the principal factor to be considered. By reducing this unsprung weight to the minimum in the new Franklin, you have a car that *hangs to the road* better than anything I have ever ridden in.

"P.S.—Problem: Since I got 15,000 miles out of my tires on my old Franklin, weighing 2600 pounds, how many miles will I get with my new Franklin, weighing 2280 pounds?"

THERE is much in this question of *scientific light weight* that the average motorist does not seem to grasp.

For example, the light, flexible car may be *stronger* than a rigid, heavy car.

It is free from so much dead weight.

Picture two cars side by side: one weighs approximately 2200 pounds, the other 3000 pounds. Each is designed to perform the same task—carry an average load of five people, about 750 pounds of live weight.

Now remember that *dead weight* is the killing thing on automobile mechanism. That's why the average Truck is pounded to pieces.

Your *light, flexible car* starts on its work *free* from nearly a thousand pounds of *deaa weight.* Wherever it goes and for all its life, it moves free from that sagging, grinding load.

Your heavy car, from the minute it starts and as long as it runs, carries a thousand extra pounds of dead weight—an *excess* nearly *twice* its average *live load.*

Think what that does to the tires! Think what it costs in gasoline! Think what it means in repairs and depreciation!

And what does it give you in return?

More road ability? No!

Greater average speed from place to place? No!

More comfort and reliability? No!

Any rough road tells the story!

Every obstruction raises the heavy, rigid car bodily off the road—a constant hammering action that affects alike the car and its passengers.

While the Franklin, with its light unsprung weight and full-elliptic springs *holds its wheels to the road.* Vibration and bump are absorbed by flexible construction. The body of the car, with its passengers, rolls along with easy, unbroken motion.

Keeping the road is a matter of *balance* and *light unsprung weight.*

No matter what your horse-power, a Franklin will pass you, over any thirty miles of winding country road. It will leave you when you slow down at the first sharp curve or rough place. And the next time you see it, it will be rounding the curve ahead, hugging the *inside* of the track at *thirty miles an hour.*

Try to follow it with your heavy car, and your rear wheels will skid clear across the road and over into the ditch, if you are not careful. Whereas the Franklin, with its scientific light weight, its resiliency and easy-rolling caster action, holds to its course.

Watch any Franklin owner handle his car. He will tell you it is the easiest, simplest car he ever drove—with a *comfort, safety* and *economy* that you get *only* from this *Scientific-Light-Weight* Car.

Touring Car	2280 lbs.	$1950.00	*Cabriolet*	2485 lbs.	$2750.00	*Town Car*	2610 lbs. $3100.00
Runabout	2160 lbs.	1900.00	*Sedan*	2610 lbs.	2850.00	*Limousine*	2620 lbs. 3100.00
Four-passenger Roadster	2280 lbs.	1950.00	*Brougham*	2575 lbs.	2800.00	*All Prices F. O. B. Syracuse*	

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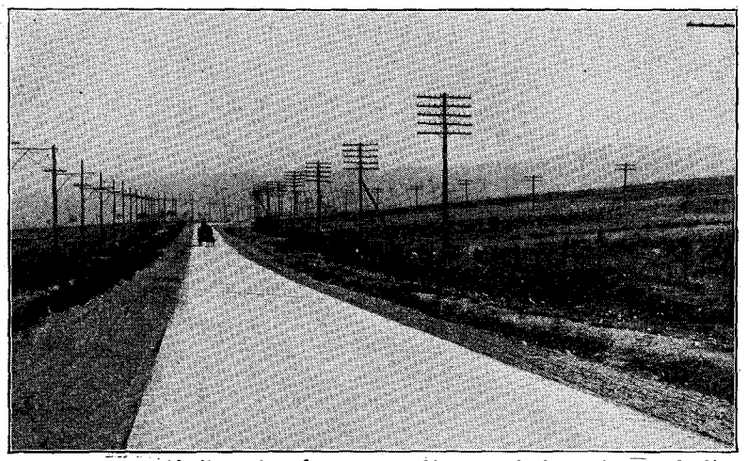

A two and one-half mile section of concrete road between Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah, built in 1914 by the Utah State Road Commission, E. R. Morgan, Chief Engineer.

Avoid Waste in Road Building by Constructing Concrete Highways

THE demand for good roads in this country is widespread and insistent. Farmers are dependent upon them; motorists must have them, and the average city dweller who does not own a motor car is beginning to realize that the high cost of living is largely due to poor road transportation.

Millions have been appropriated for improving highways and millions are being spent annually. There is plenty of money in the country and plenty of willingness to spend it for a public need so vital. The problem now confronting the American people is *how* to plan, *how* to build and *how* to pay for its highways.

It is easy to waste money in temporary construction, in endless renewals and repairs, in roads which can not stand an enormously increased traffic.

Plan a System of Concrete Roads to Serve the Greatest Number of People

Build the system all at once so that you may enjoy the full benefit now. Pay for the roads with a bond issue spread over say twenty years, which an annual tax levy of a few cents per acre will liquidate.

Build them strong enough to stand future traffic. On improved roads traffic increases faster than population. This is true of railroads; it is equally true of highways. Traffic is drawn away from parallel routes.

Our highways are now being torn to pieces by a growing motor car traffic; but this is nothing to the punishment by heavy motor trucks which improved roads will have to stand. If the roads are not strong enough, they will have to be rebuilt in a few years at heavy expense to the community.

Main traveled highways should be built of concrete. It has the solidity and strength which make it the universal material for great engineering works.

Write for our Bulletin No. 136 containing interesting facts about concrete roads. Then confer with your road officials.

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CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

A NATIONAL DIXIE

Mrs. Edward C. Orvis, of Manchester, Vermont, read our remarks in the issue of March 14 to the effect that the only popular patriotic song of American origin that everybody applauds and enjoys is the song of a Lost Cause, namely, "Dixie;" and that if everybody voted as the heart dictated, "Dixie" would be our National air. That suggested to Mrs. Orvis the writing of National words to this American tune. This tune, we may add, was composed by Dan Emmett, an Ohio man, according to Elson's "History of American Music." It is said to have been written as a song and dance for Dan Bryant's Negro minstrel show, and was sung by his troupe at a theater on Broadway, New York, a couple of months before the Civil War.

One reader of The Outlook, Mr. Edward A. Belcher, in asking us to look up the genesis of the song, refers to this origin of "Dixie" as a "walk-around" for Bryant's minstrels (citing Nelson's Encyclopædia as his authority), and he adds:

> In "The Reader's Handbook" Brewer says: Dixie was a slaveholder of Manhattan Island, who removed his slaves to the Southern States, where they had to work harder and fare worse, so that they were always sighing for their old home, which they called 'Dixie's Land'—a sort of Delectable Country or land of Beulah."
>
> Won't you trail it to its hole—tune and all? And, as touching the tune, years ago—when a very high-stepping and conceited lad—I was told by some musical body that the tune was an old Latin chant covered with the lichen of centuries. Find out and tell. The musical people may know.

The song in its origin seems to be Northern, and in its subject is Southern—a National combination. In her letter accompanying the verses Mrs. Orvis says:

"I am not a poet (when you have read the inclosure you may think it was not necessary for me to tell you this), but I sat down and wrote some words which can be sung to the tune of 'Dixie,' and if you think them worthy of a place in The Outlook, here they are. God bless them!"

"U. S. A."
(Tune of Dixie.)

I

There's a *Land* we love with a deep devotion—
Pilgrim-sought, across the ocean,
All the way "U. S. A."
Hear us say, "Thine for aye."
Every spot historic with its song or story
Fills our hearts with loyal glory—
Here we stay, "U. S. A."
Hear us say, "Thine for aye."
'Tis a Land of milk and honey,
And free to all!
From every race they've sought this place
To live and die for freedom—
O Lord most high, keep this the home of freedom!

II

There's a *Flag* we love with a holy madness—
Love in sorrow as in gladness—
Every day, "U. S. A."
Hear us say, "Thine for aye."
Red, white, and blue are the hues Heaven lends it—
Every patriot's arm defends it—
In the fray, "U. S. A."
Hear us say, "Thine for aye."
'Tis a Flag in which we glory,
Oh, Stars and Stripes!
It stands for *Right*—for it we'll fight
If aught our country threatens!
O Lord most high, keep this the home of freedom!

MARY LOWE WOODS ORVIS.

March 15, 1917.

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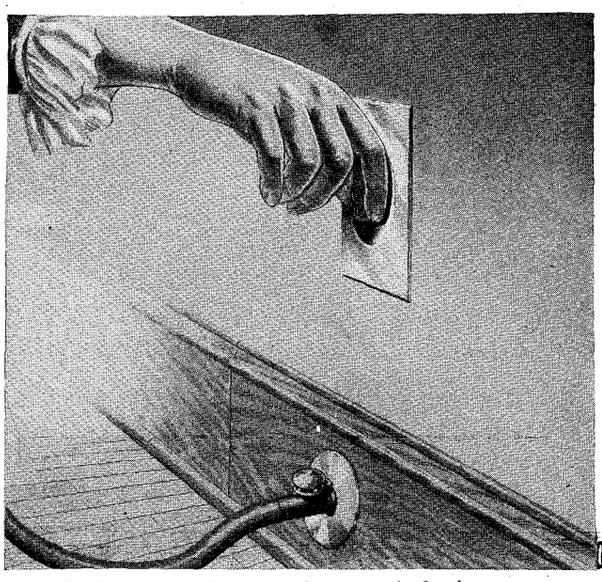
Every woman knows that getting ready for cleaning the old way is about as tiring as the sweeping work itself.



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The operator simply points or strokes this fairy-like ARCO WAND at, or over the things to be cleaned—floors, rugs, carpets, curtains, shelves, books, mattresses, clothes, furs, upholstering,—and all dust, dirt, grit, fuzz, lint, etc., are instantly removed and suctioned away into the sealed dust bucket of the ARCO WAND machine.

Vacuum cleaning is as important as radiator heating, consequently we have built the ARCO WAND so that it will produce years of thorough cleaning service. Easily and quickly put in *old* building or new one.

Sold through dealers, on Easy Payments

Six years of successful use in all kinds of buildings—Residences, Apartments, Schools, Hotels, Churches, Clubs, Office Buildings, Factories, etc., have put the ARCO WAND far in the lead for durability and reliable service. Costs about a penny a day to run. Made for electric motor or gasoline engine power.

Fill out and mail coupon for full details and get a copy of our free book "Arco Wand"—it gives you valuable information on vacuum cleaning.

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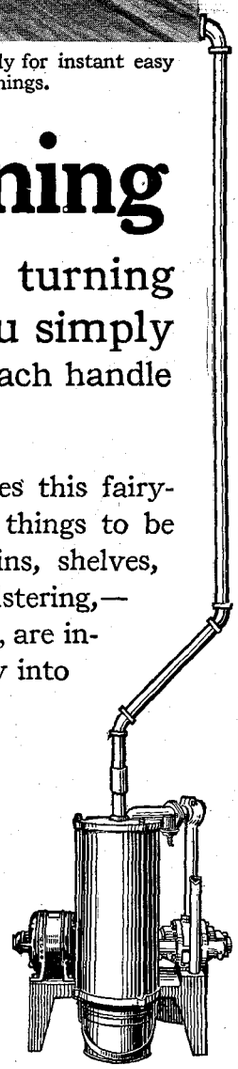

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AN ALARMIST CURED[1]

BY WILLIAM HEYLIGER

Yesterday I was an hysterical alarmist. I had studied up statistics showing the number of German-borns and the number of German-Americans living in the United States.

To-day I am sane. My alarm has passed. I know that the great bulk of our German-American citizens will be true to their adopted country.

The proprietor of the little restaurant where I eat effected my cure. For two years he had been a rabid pro-German. He had damned the British and the French and the Russians with much fervor and venom. He even defended the submarine campaign.

But when war clouds loomed over this country he suddenly ceased to talk. Then war itself came. Behind his little counter he stood silent, with somber eyes, absorbed in thought about the future.

Yesterday—late yesterday—the little restaurant was almost deserted. He came and sat at my table, evidently with something on his mind. After a little while he said heavily:

"Wars, they make changes."

I looked at him. His eyes were still somber. A little girl, with school-books under her arm, came through the restaurant. He watched her disappear into the kitchen in the rear.

"My little Hulda," he said. "She goes to the public schools. They teach her to pledge allegiance to the flag. They teach her to sing songs about her country. It is the only flag she knows, and the only country she knows, and she comes home here to us and she says, 'Our country will win; won't it, pop?'"

"Well," I asked roughly, "don't you want it to win?"

"Yes," said my restaurant friend, very slowly; "I do. We who are old, we live for our children. Germany can offer me nothing, it can offer my Hulda nothing. What becomes of this country now, I do not care so much. I have had more than half my race. Things cannot happen to me much now. But my Hulda has not yet had her race. Her whole life comes yet. And her life comes with this United States. It is the only country she knows; it is the only flag she loves. If I wish for success for the enemies of the United States, then I wish that this country that holds the future of my Hulda shall be ruined. And that I cannot wish, because I am a father.

"We Germans came to this country seeking many things that we did not have at home. Always fathers want to leave things better for their children. I think always now for my Hulda—what she shall have, what opportunities, what her future shall be. And how, I ask myself, shall she have her future if the country she knows is beaten down? And so I hope that the United States will win—because of my Hulda, who comes to me and says, 'Our country will win; won't it, pop?'"

He looked at me, still somber-eyed across the table. As I looked at him and thought of the millions of children whose future is the future of this country, my alarms passed. For men from the beginning of time have toiled and planned and dreamed that their children might find the ways of life sweet and pleasant. It is the ruling passion.

[1] This is a true record of an actual conversation.

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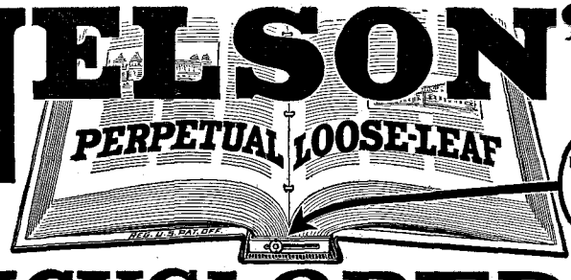

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THE NEW BOOKS

This department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

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Bringing Out Barbara. By Ethel Train. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.

The coldness and heartlessness of the family life of fashion and fortune worshipers is well brought out in this novelette.

If Wishes Were Horses. By the Countess Barcynska. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

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Masterpieces of Modern Spanish Drama: The Great Galeoto. The Duchess of San Quentin. Daniela. Edited with a Preface by Barrett H. Clark. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.

Nothing Matters, and Other Stories. By Herbert Beerbohm Tree. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.60.

Sir Herbert Tree is a versatile man. As an actor on the stage and lately in moving pictures he has fame. Here as a writer of stories and character sketches he shows feeling and literary grace.

Starr of the Desert. By B. M. Bower. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.35.

A tale of ranch life and range riding in New Mexico.

Torch-Bearers of Bohemia (The). By V. I. Kryshanovskaya. Translated by Juliet M. Soskice. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $1.40.

Up the Hill and Over. By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.35.

A light and amusing tale of American village life.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

Collecting Old Miniatures. By J. H. Yoxall. **Collecting Old Glass, English and Irish.** By J. H. Yoxall. **Collecting Old Luster Ware.** By W. Bosanko. (The Collectors' Pocket Series.) The George H. Doran Company, New York. 75c. each.

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Ideals of Painting (The). By J. Comyns Carr. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

This volume is valuable to the student of art, not so much because of its general ideals of painting as therein described or because it provides a general view of the whole movement of painting from Giotto's day to the present, as because it outlines in peculiar distinctness the separate ideals of Italy, Flanders, Holland, Germany, Spain, France, and England. We wish that America might have been added to this list. The book is thus one of comparative study, contrasting as it does the aims which have been pursued and perfected in the work of separate schools. The text is set forth with the same charm as characterized the author's previously most lately issued volume, "Coasting Bohemia."

BIOGRAPHY

Frederick the Great. The Memoirs of His Reader, Henri de Catt (1758-1760). Translated by F. S. Flint. With an Introduction by Lord Rosebery. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $7.50.

One day, back in the eighteenth century, on a canal boat in Holland, a Swiss teacher, twenty-seven years old, met a gentleman in a black wig and a cinnamon-colored coat who described himself as musician to the King of Poland. The gentleman in the black wig turned out to be Frederick, King of Prussia. The Swiss teacher's casual conversation resulted in his retention for many years under the title of "Reader" to the

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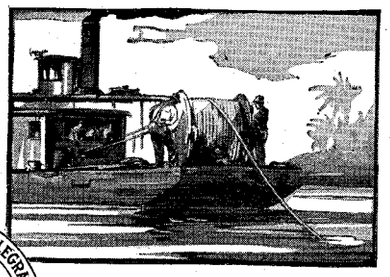
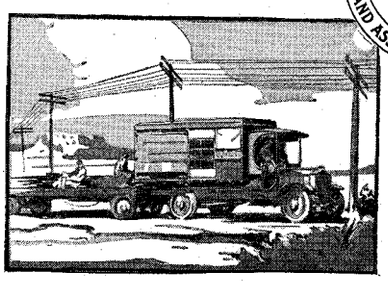

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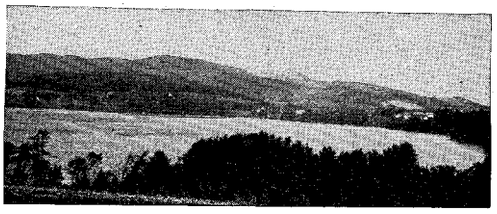

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ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Hidden Happiness (The). By Stephen Berrien Stanton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.

Like its predecessors, "Soul and Circumstance" and "The Essential Life," Mr. Stanton's latest volume has much spiritual appeal. It suggests also the "look up," not "down." For instance, "Death is not a spiritual but a bodily phenomenon wherein the mind is but a looker-on. . . . Not *memento mori* but *memento vivere!* Let us accost the Cæsar of fate on this wise: We who are about to live, we who are never to die, salute thee." The book is broad, too. For example: "By no means synonymous with a decline of Christianity itself is the decline of any particular form of it; on the contrary, therein may be the very proof of continuing vigor. To the extent that men are earnest will they seek not the God of their fathers but the God of to-day; the eternal God is always the living God."

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Christ and the Young People. By the Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. 50c.

Christian Science. The Faith and Its Founder. By Lyman P. Powell. Second Edition. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.25.

Confusion of Tongues (A). By Paul Revere Frothingham. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

Essay-sermons dealing with moral issues of the great war.

Fundamental Questions. By Henry Churchill King. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Group Theories of Religion and the Individual. By Clement C. J. Webb. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

WAR BOOKS

Germanism from Within. By A. D. McLaren. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

Great Britain's Part. Observations of an American Visitor to the British Army in France at the Beginning of the Third Year of the War. By Paul D. Cravath. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.

Italy, France, and Britain at War. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

League to Enforce Peace (A). By Robert Goldsmith. Introduction by A. Lawrence Lowell. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

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The New Books (Continued)

My Second Year of the War. By Frederick Palmer. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50.

Outposts of the Fleet. Stories of the Merchant Service in War and Peace. By Edward Noble. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 60c.

Russia and Europe. By Gregor Alexinsky. Translated by Bernard Miall. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Russia in 1916. By Stephen Graham. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

EDUCATIONAL

Twenty-five Thousand Words Frequently Mispronounced. By Frank H. Vizetelly, Litt.D. The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. $1.60.

SCIENCE

Brief Account of Radio-Activity (A). By Francis P. Venable. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 50c.

Health and Disease. Their Determining Factors. By Roger I. Lee, M.D. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.75.

Healthful House (The). By Lionel Robertson and T. C. O'Donnell. The Good Health Publishing Company, Battle Creek, Mich. $2.

Nature of Matter and Electricity (The). An Outline of Modern Views. By Daniel F. Comstock, S.B., Ph.D., and Leonard T. Troland, S.B., A.M., Ph.D. Illustrated. The D. Van Nostrand Company, New York. $2.

Theory of Evolution (The). By William Berryman Scott. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

Who's Who Among the Wild Flowers and Ferns. Compiled and Illustrated by W. I. Beecroft. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

How to Advertise. A Guide to Designing, Laying Out, and Composing Advertisements. By George French. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

Human Side of Trees (The). By Royal Dixon and Franklyn Everett Fitch. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.60.

Trees have personality; moreover, some are educated, some travel, some keep a diary. So the authors assert, and they make an interesting book in proving these and other tree wonders.

Man in Court (The). By Frederick De Witt Wells. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

"A work of humorous visualization of the trial of court actions," with chapters on such topics as "The Worried Client," "Those Technical Objections," and "Picking the Jury."

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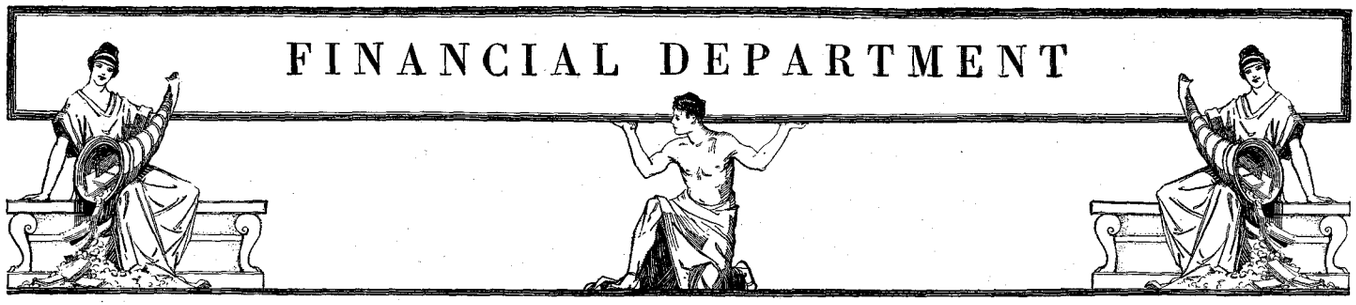

All legitimate questions from Outlook readers about investment securities will be answered either by personal letter or in these pages. The Outlook cannot, of course, undertake to guarantee against loss resulting from any specific investment. Therefore it will not *advise* the purchase of any specific security. But it will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, leaving the responsibility for final decision to the investor. And it will admit to its pages only those financial advertisements which after thorough expert scrutiny are believed to be worthy of confidence. All letters of inquiry regarding investment securities should be addressed to

THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

$2,000,000

California Hotel Co.

First Mortgage 6% Serial Bonds

(Safeguarded Under the Straus Plan)

Secured by

Huntington, Green and Maryland Hotels

Pasadena, Cal.

Dated March 15th, 1917. Interest Coupons due May 1st and Nov. 1st. Principal and Interest Payable at the Offices of S. W. Straus & Co., Inc. Denominations $5,000, $1,000 and $500. Trustee, Mr. S. W. Straus.

SECURITY—The land and buildings comprising the Huntington, Green and Maryland Hotels, Pasadena, California. These three hotels are owned and operated by the California Hotel Co., and form one of the most firmly established, most popular, and most profitable hotel properties in the United States, known all over the country.

LOCATION—Pasadena is one the nation's garden spots and a mecca for thousands of visitors to California each year, assuring constant patronage of the hotels.

VALUATION—Our valuation of the property, based on appraisals by several banks and independent real estate experts, is $4,287,000, more than double the total amount of the bonds.

EARNINGS—Based on past profits, we estimate the annual net earnings of the three hotels on a conservative basis at $445,000, nearly four times greatest annual interest charge.

SERIAL MATURITIES—The bonds mature in annual serial installments in one to ten years.

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FEDERAL INCOME TAX—The mortgagor covenants to pay the normal federal income tax.

We offer these bonds with our unqualified recommendation as a thoroughly safeguarded investment for the funds of institutions and individuals. Orders may be telegraphed at our expense.

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THREE CORPORATION REPORTS

A YEAR ago we dealt briefly in this column with the annual reports of three great American enterprises—the United States Steel Corporation, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

The 1916 reports of these properties have only recently been published. In times like the present these documents are of more than usual interest, not alone for what they signify to the investor, but for what they mean to every citizen of the Nation.

Without the steel industry, the modern compass of affairs would fail; without the railway, business would constrict itself to self-dependent localities; without the telephone and telegraph, neither the life nor thought nor sentiment of the people could be co-ordinated into National expression. So that, whether one is a stockholder or not, it is sensible to "take stock" of what we have, of what conditions obtain in the vital organs of our industrial life, if the country is to be equipped to strike decisively and hard.

MEN AND PRACTICE

Industrial effectiveness is largely a matter of men and practice. At the beginning of the war America had many men skilled in industries of peace. The war created new industries, intensified demands, and made new men. Much practicing was done at the expense of the Allies, although finally they secured their boots and blankets, their food and munitions. We, on the other hand, learned to be effective in a crisis, an experience which is now our greatest asset industrially. The steel men, the railway men, and the wire men never reached an approximate limit of their capacities until 1916. The present year imposes rigorous requirements, calls for prolific production of fundamental necessities, bare, hard, and practical.

THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION

Figures of great magnitude cease to have meaning and defeat their own purpose. In their use to express debts or debits of the nations at war they leave one oblivious, cold. The United States Steel Corporation at the close of business December 31, 1916, after paying all expenses, interest charges, and dividends, reports a *surplus* of something over two hundred million dollars. In one year alone the corporation has earned a *surplus* greater by fifty millions than the total accumulation since organization in 1901. For once at least the incomprehensible figure is an asset, not a liability.

That the great surplus indicated actually exists is shown in the figures summarizing capital expenditures since organization. These expenditures, made for new construction, have thus far amounted to $550,000,000, including $65,000,000 expended in 1916. Total expenditures for new construction exceed the par value of the common stock by $42,000,000.

Stock capitalization remains the same:

Common	$508,302,500
Preferred	360,281,100

Bonds of the Steel Corporation and its subsidiaries are outstanding to the amount of $600,000,000. Another $100,000,000 worth of bonds are issued, but they are held in sinking funds and cannot again be sold. Mr. Carnegie and the sinking funds are the great holders of Steel Corporation securities.

While United States Steel stock has sold during the course of this prosperity at the highest prices on record, for once the public was right in its very sanguine estimate of values. Dividends of 8¾ per cent were declared out of earnings for 1916. The real sensation is found in earnings of $48 for every share of common stock.

Steel has been a popular speculation for more than a year. No one knows what will happen to the common stock in a market way. But the Steel bonds and the preferred stock could hardly be in a stronger position from an investment standpoint.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

The Pennsylvania Railroad has issued its seventieth annual report. It, too, has accomplished results romantic for their daring, stupendous in the financial and physical requirements involved. The Hudson and East Rivers, surrounding Manhattan, no longer serve to bar direct communication between the Eastern and Southern States. The great railway station in New York links together through tubes and tunnels and through the connecting span over Hell Gate Channel the New Haven and the Pennsylvania systems. Thus, with a hundred millions, the expenditure of such a sum is, in reality, an economy of operation. It gets the desired result.

These developments, accomplished through subsidiary companies, stand by themselves. The Pennsylvania, as a matter of course, spends vast sums yearly in improvements and maintenance. Nearly $25,000,000 was expended in 1916 for road and equipment. Several pages of the report are devoted to descriptions of improvements to stations, yards, and track extensions all over the system. Seventy years of constructive work of this kind make possible the transportation of freight at rates fifty per cent below average rates paid on German or French roads, even with their lower wages and lower operating costs.

The Pennsylvania is itself an investor of some proportions. In February, 1916, it sold the Cambria Steel Plant to the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, taking in payment $16,016,000 Bethlehem Steel Corporation bonds. These were disposed of in October. Below are some of the Pennsylvania's investments in other securities:

New York, New Haven, and Hartford common	$5,312,500
Norfolk and Western common	38,573,400
Norfolk and Western preferred	6,320,000
Southern Pacific common	26,436,950

The balance-sheet for December 31 shows securities owned amounting to $344,000,000.

Of the returns on the investment in road and equipment, we quote from the report:

> While your net income for the year, after deducting the sinking and other reserve fund charges, was equivalent to 10 per cent upon the outstanding capital stock, the return earned on the total investment in road and equipment provided for public use was only 5.4 per cent on the Pennsylvania Railroad and lines directly operated, and but 5.8 per cent on the system east and west of Pittsburgh. Your company maintained its dividend and earned a substantial surplus, but if it had not heretofore consistently pursued the policy of investing its surplus above reasonable dividends in the betterment of your railways and equipment instead of providing therefor through the issue of additional bonds and stock, the present dividends could not be maintained under the existing traffic rates.

The question of adequate compensation is bound up with exterior considerations. Reduce our railways to a state of inefficiency, and the demoralization which would

"*A New Plan by Old Interests.*"

6 Per Cent Interest—Plus Profits

The conditions which surround timber ownership and lumber manufacture in the United States and Canada are not paralleled in any other industry. To those fully conversant with them (and to no others), these conditions offer unique opportunities for profit with complete security.

LACEY

Profit-Sharing Bonds

form a new type of investment which enables the average investor to turn this situation to account. It enables him, with all the security of a high-grade First Mortgage Bond, to receive interest at 6 per cent and at the same time to share in profits, which are usually very substantial. It goes without saying that this puts Lacey Profit-Sharing Bonds in a class by themselves. One of the reasons for their prompt popularity is the fact that they are available

In Denominations of $100, $500, and $1,000

The whole subject of this type of security is of extraordinary interest, and can be no more than hinted at in this announcement.

The name of Lacey is identified throughout the timber world with 37 years of unbroken conservative success in timber investments. We therefore feel that we can fairly presume to speak with some authority concerning timber securities.

We have briefly and clearly covered the subject in a brochure which we invite you to read.

LACEY BOOKLET T-214 WILL COME BY RETURN MAIL. WRITE.

JAMES D. LACEY TIMBER CO.

332 South Michigan Ave., Chicago

We refer those unacquainted with the meaning of the name of Lacey in timber finance, to any prominent lumberman or timber-owner in this country, and to any bank anywhere which has ever given attention to lumber and timber securities.

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Must tell you that at the present time the safest of all securities is

The Dairy Farm Mortgage

Both Government and private agencies are bringing pressure to bear upon the farmer, urging him to stay on the farm and produce larger crops.

IN TIME OF WAR

The farmer is more than at any other time assured of larger income and receives cash for his products.

No matter what may happen, the security back of our farm mortgages will increase in value.

Write for our pamphlet, "The Dairy Farm Mortgage", which deals with farming conditions in Wisconsin, the Greatest Dairy State in the Union.

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OF

THE CALIFORNIA-RIO GRANDE LAND AND STOCK CO.

A California Corporation

Denominations $100, $500, and $1,000. Dated April 1st, 1916; payable April 1st, 1926.

Semi-annual interest coupons payable at the office of Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco, Trustee.

Land experted by Symmes & Means. Legal Opinion by Goodfellow, Eels, Moore & Orrick.

Expert appraisements show the value of the land to be 3 times the bonded indebtedness.

A high grade bond in every respect.

Price Par and Accrued Interest.

Write for Circular

CONSOLIDATED MORTGAGE & BOND CO.
First National Bank Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

Three Corporation Reports (Continued)

attend in time of war would be as disastrous as invasion by hostile armies.

THE AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

The same statement to an even greater degree would apply to our National nerve system, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. When the United States naval officers talk from one ship on the Pacific to another on the Atlantic, an aspect of the telephone service is presented the significance of which is appreciated by few people throughout the country. During the year an actual mobilization of the Navy Department took place and the transmission of messages was effected by wire and wireless and by both jointly. The results are said to have been highly satisfactory. The company also co-operated with the army in signal corps work; in fact, as many as eight hundred and thirty-four employees were on the Mexican border in August, and, though not all in signal service, the experience gained will, without doubt, prove valuable in field communication.

The secret of the strength of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, both financially and in terms of service, lies in the enormous amounts which the management spends for maintenance and writes off for depreciation from year to year. The combined items amounted in 1916 to $84,906,505. Telephone equipment soon becomes obsolete; cost of production of telephone service does not decrease with volume of business. The ability of the Bell system to overcome these obstacles and still to increase earnings and to improve the service accounts for the high standing of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its subsidiaries at every point of contact with the public.

The statement of the Bell system for 1916 indicates that there have been substantial gains in gross and net earnings over the preceding year. The increases, which are shown in the statement following, are typical of public utility operations in that they show not so much a sensational jump as a steady accretion:

Year ended December 31.	1916.	1915.
Gross earnings.....	$270,400,892	$239,909,649
Net earnings.....	75,617,639	66,181,757
Bond interest.....	18,378,931	18,095,643
Dividends (8 per cent).	35,160,119	32,897,065
Accumulated surplus..	262,005,159	223,401,663

GOVERNMENT CONTROL

The fact that we are at war has an important bearing on these three corporations. The Government may commandeer, as the English Government has done, the entire resources of the country. In fact, there are indications now that both the railway and telegraph systems may be operated under Government supervision. It is established that the steel industry is subject to supervision by the War Department. The effect of such action on securities no one can predict. It seems certain, however, that Government control could hardly impair United States Steel bonds, Pennsylvania Railroad bonds, or American Telephone and Telegraph bonds in so far as their investment position may be concerned. With stocks it is a different matter. A 6 per cent rate on physical valuation might please stockholders of the three corporations discussed in this article. But physical valuations are uncertain things at best. England has pointed the way to an equitable settlement of such a question, at least so far as the railways are concerned. In those cases where

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PARTIAL PAYMENT PLAN

will make you an income and safeguard your savings.

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Three Corporation Reports (Continued)

the railways are commandeered the return to the shareholder is fixed at the average of rates paid during the preceding three years. Certainly our citizens and our legislators realize that our billion-dollar corporations will willingly place their services at the disposal of the Government; that Government ownership and control is not necessary to inspire their patriotism.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

Q. A short time ago we bought for investment $2,000 Russian External Loan 5½ Bonds due 1921 at 87½. Is the trouble in Russia going to hurt the price of these bonds? What will be the effect?

A. No one knows. The nature of the revolution is not clearly defined at this writing. No doubt the Russian obligations in the American market will be in less demand than usual. You have bought your bonds at a low price and need not, in our judgment, disturb yourself as to their ultimate security.

Free Booklets for Investors

Many of the investment bankers publish booklets and literature for the information of prospective investors. The following is a list of booklets which may be obtained by writing to the investment houses issuing them, mentioning The Outlook, or by writing direct to the Financial Editor of The Outlook:

Circular on First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds. Consolidated Mortgage and Bond Company, First National Bank Building, Oakland, Cal.

Oregon Farm Mortgages—Booklet and List. Cronan Mortgage Company, 906-911 Spalding Building, Portland, Ore.

Farm Mortgages—List No. 58. A. G. Danforth & Co., Washington, Ill.

First Mortgage Serial Gold Bonds—Descriptive Booklet. Goodwin Real Estate Company, Inc., 1006 Second Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Partial Payment Plan—Descriptive Booklet. C. I. Hudson & Co., 66 Broadway, New York City.

Booklet "S" and List of Offerings. E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D.

Profit-Sharing Timber Bonds—Booklet T-214. Lacey Timber Company, 332 South Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Booklet "The Dairy Farm Mortgage." Markham & May Company, 1226 First National Bank Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

Partial Payment Combinations—Circulars M-48 and T-48. John Muir & Co., 61 Broadway, New York City.

City Bonds—Circular O-8. Oakland Street Improvement Bond Company, Oakland, Cal.

Guaranteed Farm Mortgages—Booklet O-17. The Straus Brothers Company, Ligonier, Ind.

First Mortgage Six Per Cent Serial Bonds—Circular No. D-705. S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York; Straus Building, Chicago, Ill.

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MODERN AMERICAN HOTEL

WEARY and footsore, a college man, who was spending part of his summer vacation on a walking tour through New England, was approaching toward sunset a little mountain hotel where he was planning to spend the night. With pleasant anticipation he was thinking of the hot bath which would lave the stiffness out of his joints and the soreness out of his feet. He had never visited this hotel before, but farmers whom he had just passed in their truck wagons had recommended the inn, and had assured him it boasted a bath-tub.

When he entered the little frame hotel, therefore, and reached for the pen held out by a clerk whose need of a shave was striking, he asked, "Can you give me a room near the bath-room?"

"I can give yer a room, all right," replied the slovenly clerk, "and the bath-tub's yonder behind the fireplace."

The traveler looked in the direction indicated by an inky thumb. Sure enough, just to the left of the broad open fireplace, where a blaze had already been started against the chill of a mountain September evening, was a door hardly larger than the hatch of an early type of submarine. The young man crossed the "lobby" (to use a courteous term for the cheerless hall) and crammed his body through the tiny door. At first, in the dark beyond he could see nothing, but, lighting a match, he could then distinguish the outline of a bath-tub. It was a tin affair, about four feet by two in dimensions, and loaded with firewood!

The youth retraced his steps to the desk.

"Couldn't you send a washtub or a boiler full of water to my room so that at least I could wash my feet?" he asked, despondently.

The clerk's bristly face seemed to come forward half a foot on a lean yellow neck which thrust out from behind a collar of the same shade.

"Young man," he said with cold anger, "we ain't buildin' no bath-rooms to-day. If yer want what we've got, we'll permit yer ter remain. If yer don't like it, yer kin leave it."

The young man left it and slept that night in a barn.

This occurred ten years ago. To-day the tourist arriving in this mountain village after a hot and dusty motor trip finds a small but clean and attractive inn, with flowers blooming in front of the wide, shady piazza, and a neat little garage in the rear for his car. He is shown a clean, cool room, newly furnished, and the welcome porcelain tub awaits his pleasure. In both summer and winter this modern inn is filled with people who wish to enjoy the country, but who demand cleanliness, attractive surroundings, and a degree of service.

Tremendous strides have been made in the business of hotel-keeping within the last decade by the country inn, the small town hotel, and the summer and winter resort. Modern improvements, such as electric lights, steam heat, sanitary plumbing, and private baths, have been installed generally, and a new conception of service prevails. This change of heart is due to the great extension of travel and the advent of the automobile. Small and retired country inns have blossomed forth to lure the touring motorist, and the larger towns and

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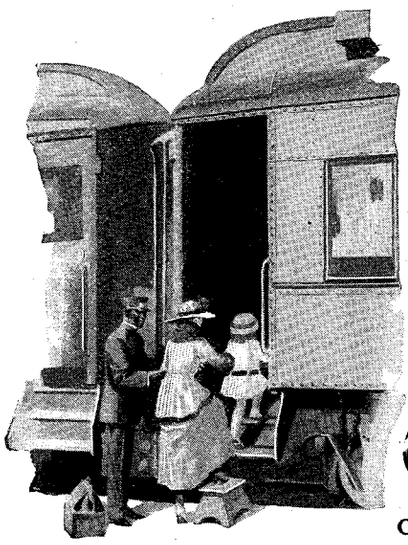

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The Development of the Modern American Hotel
(Continued)

cities have rapidly responded to the same influence.

Even the long-suffering "traveling man" has at last revolted from the two-dollar-a-day room, with meals à la American plan. In the old days, after a hot midsummer morning's work, he would return to his hotel for "dinner." He entered a stuffy, fly-specked dining-room, sat down at a table covered with a half-soiled cloth, around which were congregated several other meek and patient victims, and was offered a choice of hot roast beef or hot roast pork, with the thermometer at ninety in the shade. As a final blow, a number of small side dishes of canned vegetables were put by his plate, although he had passed acres of fresh garden truck during the morning.

But the old order changeth, and the successful hotel-keepers of to-day are rapidly adopting new methods and innovations which would have provoked derision from the old-fashioned hotel proprietor who sat in his front office in his shirt sleeves and discussed the weather.

The late George C. Boldt, of the Waldorf Astoria, New York City, has given as good advice to the country hotel-keeper as can be uttered. Mr. Boldt's son, George C. Boldt, Jr., who has succeeded to his father's position, repeats this advice whenever he is asked for counsel by members of his profession from small cities and country towns. This advice is:

"Do not try to copy the elaborate bill of fare of city hotels and restaurants. Simple food nicely prepared and served cleanly in an attractive place will be appreciated by every one. Hang out a neat sign reading something like this: 'Wholesome food, nicely served, at reasonable prices.' Serve your patrons out on a porch shaded with vines and decorated with flower boxes, or on a shady lawn under the trees in good weather. When the weather is bad, have a light, cheerful room inside where they can be served. Do not use long tables, but have separate small ones which can be moved about and which will seat from two to six persons each. Little chairs or baskets of growing flowers will be very attractive for decorating your tables. Have a small retiring-room for ladies, where they can find a comb and brush, running water, and clean towels. Keep on hand, ready for instant use, a supply of tablecloths, napkins, table silver, china, and glassware. All these things must be spotlessly clean, and, in fact, cleanliness is one of the most important items of your business. Very simple food will be found most appetizing if the surroundings are neat and clean."

The modern hotel in the city, and even in the larger towns, has assumed many other functions besides merely furnishing a room and meals. In many smaller communities fine up-to-date hotels have been built through the co-operation of leading business men, as a matter of civic pride as well as good business. Such a hotel becomes the social center of the community. People drop in for afternoon tea; luncheons and dinner parties are given there; the ladies attend morning musicales in the ballroom, and in the evening all society is present at the ball. Business men's associations hold banquets, and a convention of steel magnates or women suffragists is frequently in session. Thus the modern hotel manager has an infinite variety of details demanding his attention, and must be an

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WHEN the "marriage in the mountains" of the Pacific and the Atlantic was solemnized in 1869, a nation rejoiced.

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All over the country the telegraph recorded the tap—tap—tap of the sledges as they drove the spike. It was a national holiday of thanksgiving.

For the Union Pacific was a federal project—designed by wise men to bind the Union together.

"Without such a road," said President Buchanan in 1857, we "cannot protect California and our Pacific possessions against invasion."

And Lincoln, the next President, saw the necessity for such security.

The Act of Congress creating the Union Pacific specified that "the government shall at all times have the preference in the use of it for transporting troops and munitions of war."

The Supreme Court has held that this road is a "military necessity * * * national undertaking for national purposes."

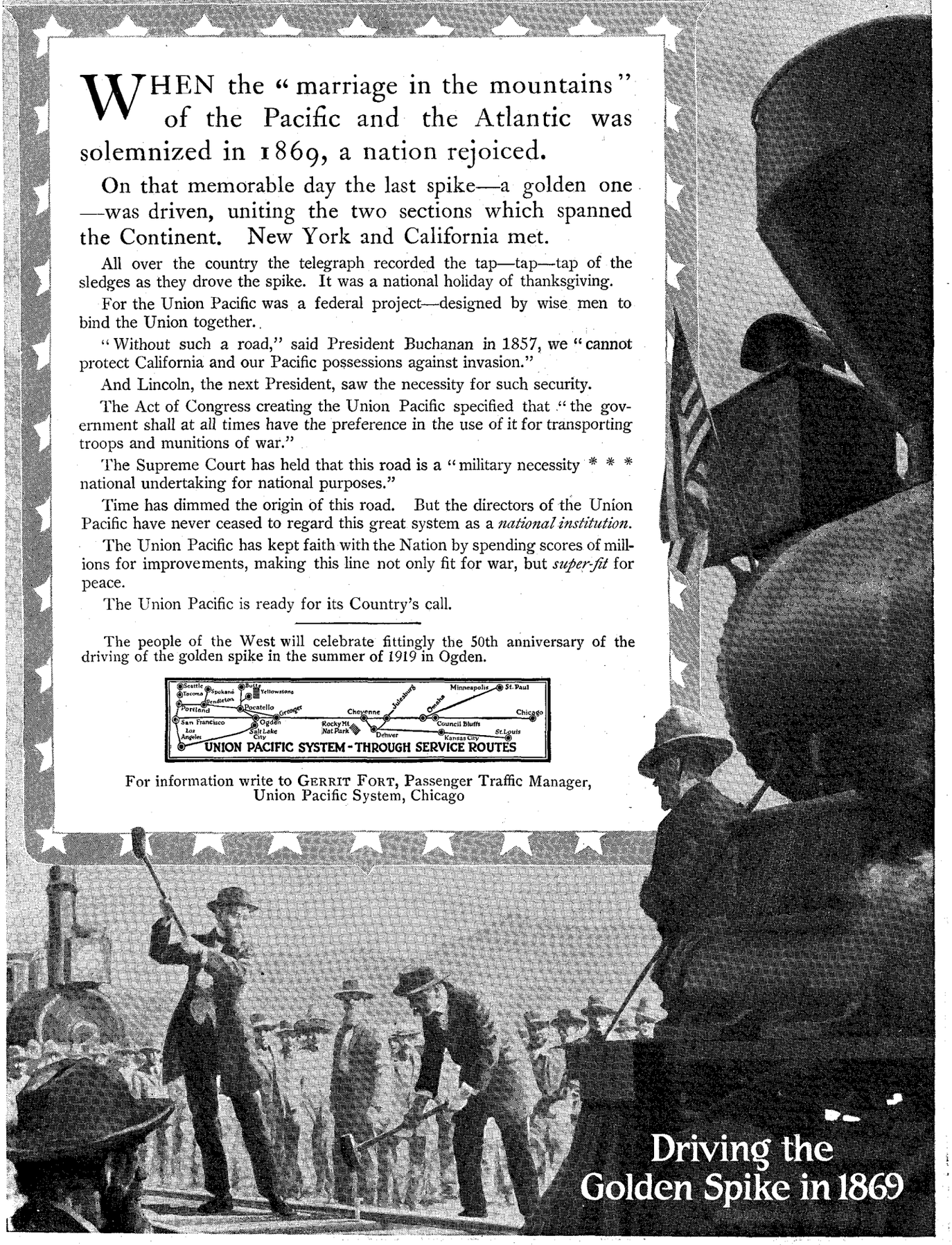
Time has dimmed the origin of this road. But the directors of the Union Pacific have never ceased to regard this great system as a *national institution.*

The Union Pacific has kept faith with the Nation by spending scores of millions for improvements, making this line not only fit for war, but *super-fit* for peace.

The Union Pacific is ready for its Country's call.

The people of the West will celebrate fittingly the 50th anniversary of the driving of the golden spike in the summer of 1919 in Ogden.

For information write to GERRIT FORT, Passenger Traffic Manager, Union Pacific System, Chicago



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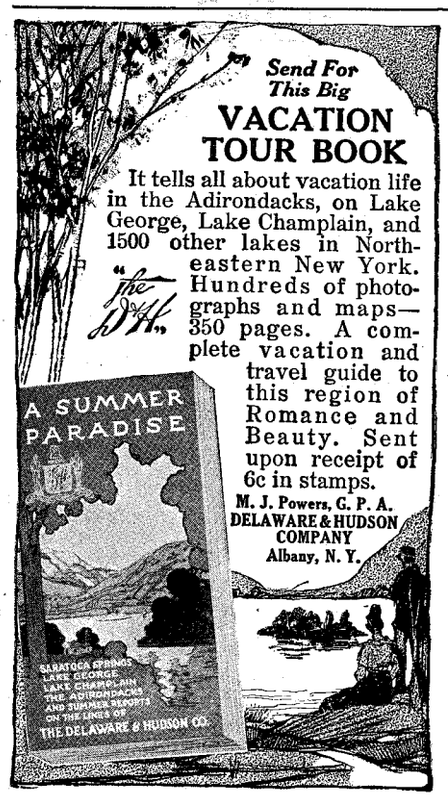

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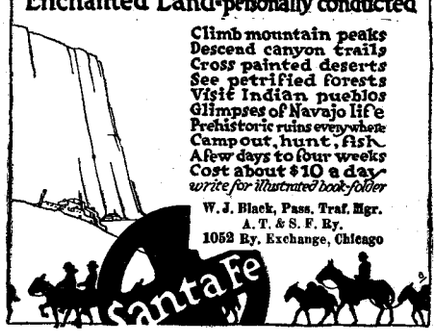

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The Development of the Modern American Hotel
(Continued)

experienced business man in order to handle them all smoothly and successfully.

Referring to this point, Mr. E. M. Statler, proprietor of the famous Statler Hotels in Buffalo, Cleveland, and Detroit, said:

"The hotel business in America needs new men. There are too many professional hotel men in the business; and not enough business men. I would never put a hotel of mine in charge of a professional hotel man. I would put the professional men at the heads of departments, but I would put a common business man over them all; a man with no prejudice, no crotchets, who would realize the truth that a hotel to be successful must be conducted on the principle of every good modern business, that is—good service above everything.

"After all, the hotel business is the most difficult business in the world. We deal with human problems. Men and women come to us unhappy, hungry, and tired, and expect to be refreshed and rested. We get them at their worst, when their irritation is greatest. Of course the secret of our business is simply to satisfy our patrons.

"A hotel has nothing to sell but service; nothing to sell but comfort. It cannot sell a dirty room or putrid food. '*Give a guest what he wants*' ought to be the motto of every hotel. The guest is the man who pays the wages of every employee in a hotel, and it ought to be obvious to every employee that it is to his benefit to please the guest."

The typical resort hotel has also been developed to a high degree of excellence. The luxurious appointments, efficient service, and variety of entertainment found at Palm Beach, Virginia Hot Springs, White Sulphur Springs, Atlantic City, or at the New England resorts are too well known to need further comment. On the Pacific coast many unique types of hotels have been developed to meet varied conditions.

The business of running a large modern hotel is an intricate one. Such a hotel is a pretty complete small city in itself. Consider the size of the laundry bill in a hotel with one thousand rooms. Hotels of this size usually have their own laundry, and what with bed and table linen the washing to be done in such a hotel is as great as the entire laundry in a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants. And it is all done under the pressure of the requirement for speed—the clothes that are turned over to the laundry in the morning must be back in the guest's room in the evening.

The large city hotel, like the Biltmore in New York, offers much more than a comfortable, light, airy room and perfect meals. Luxuries of every description surround the guest, and his every want is anticipated. If he desires to breakfast in his room, his coffee is served to him piping hot from an individual Thermos coffee-pot. If he has a valuable dog or cat with him, he need not send it out to some stable or kennel about which he knows nothing. The Biltmore has provided "apartments" on the roof of their hotel for the convenience of the pets of guests.

As long as the spirit of American hotel men improves and their comprehension of their relation to society enlarges as it has been doing, the outlook for American hotels is a bright one. The most encouraging indication of improvement in the American hotel to-day is the fact that so many hotels are abandoning the "take it or leave it" frame of mind and are finding that it pays to give a guest what he wants.

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